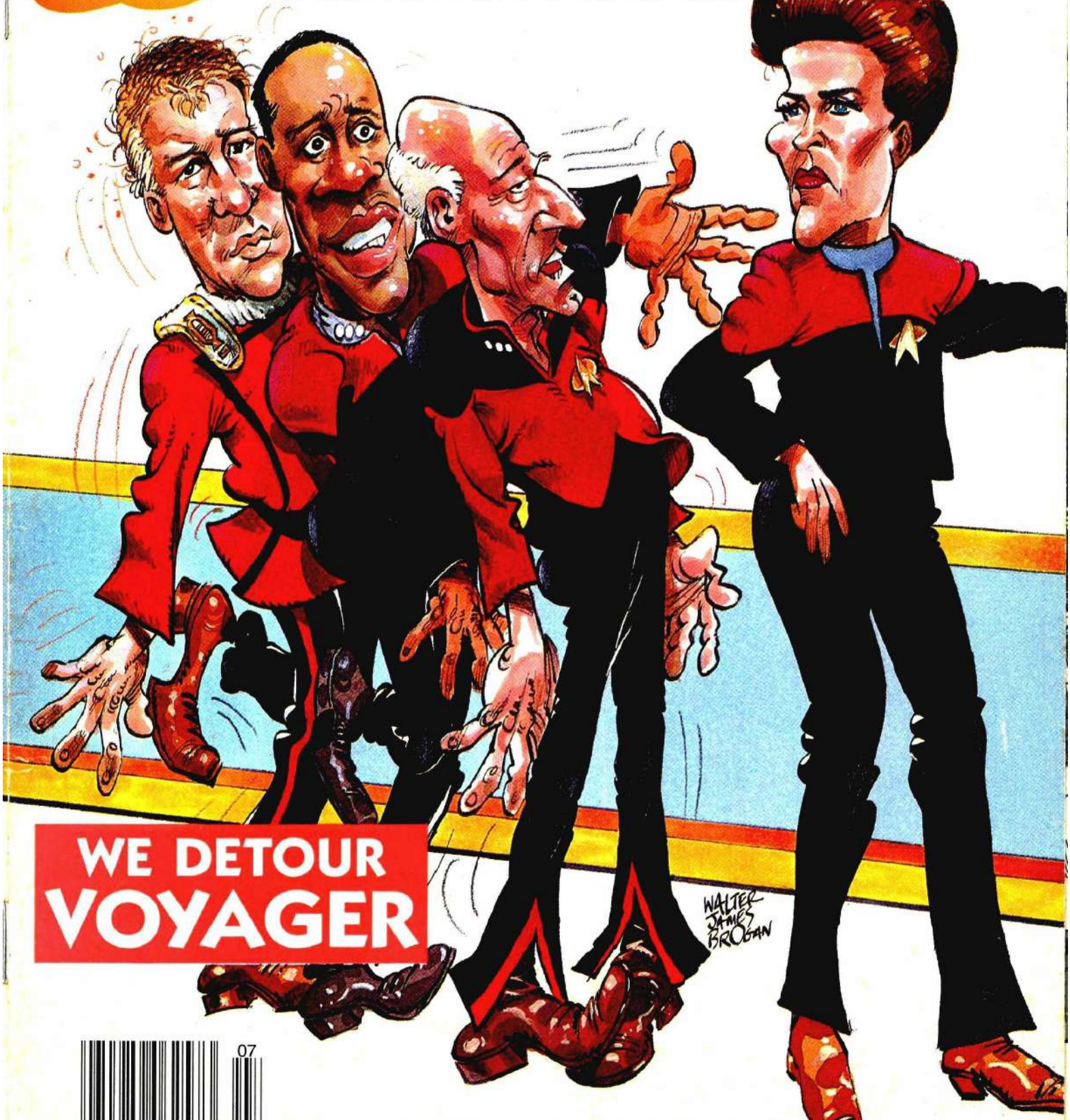
BONUS! STAR DREK VOYAJERK GAME!

®CRACKED COLLECTOR'S EDITION

#103
JULY '95



WE DETOUR VOYAGER

07
0 70989 06257 3
$2.95/$3.50 Foreign/Canada

"TO BOLDLY GO...

START

NOWHERE NEBULA

LOOK! JABBA THE HUTT'S OLD UNDIES!

SPACE JUNK ORBIT

R.I.P.

"CARETAKER" LEFT YOU NEW THRUSTERS IN HIS WILL (WHAT A BLOB!) GO AHEAD 3

MAQUIS INFORMATION

MAQUIS INFORMATION BOOTH PICK CARD OF YOUR CHOICE

THIS A-WAY, FOR ABOUT 300 BILLION LIGHT YEARS

ONLY 74 MORE YEARS AND YOU'LL BE HOME! (FIND A SHORTCUT, QUICK!)

GOLDEN GATE WORMHOLE

EXIT

THE BRIG (THROW 5 OR 6 TO GET OUT)

KAZON HOME BASE (WOULD KILL FOR A WATER FOUNTAIN)

VOYAJERK! GO! GO! GO!

YOU'LL GET THERE IN SOME CENTURY

FREE THE JUICE!

VOYAJERK GROUPIES ALONG ROUTE SPUR YOU ON! ROLL AGAIN!

SPOT ELVIS (ONLY HE'S PART-FERENGI) GO TO HOLODECK TO GET A STIFF DRINK!

STARFLEET REUNION BEAM OPPONENT OF CHOICE HERE

PLANET OF BANISHED TREKKIES

ENERGY DISTORTION WAVE GO BACK

FREE DOCKING

DISCOVER SHAPESHIFTER ON BOARD, DISGUISED AS A COFFEE MUG

ODO!

YO!

PICK VOYAJERK CARD

FREE DOCKING

FREE DOCKING

TALAXIAN HITCHHIKERS (YIKES! MOVE ON QUICKLY!) ROLL AGAIN

NEED A RIDE

SENSORS INDICATE NO 7-11'S IN ANY NEARBY GALAXIES

WE ARE LOST..

PICK STAR DREK CARD

DISCOURAGING SPACE SIGN

MOVE BACK 1

RUPTURE IN TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM GO BACK

GEORGE WASHINGTON WORMHOLE

TRIBBLES REUNION TOUR GO BACK 2

VULCAN FLU GO TO SICK BAY

EXIT

CAPTAIN I'M ABOUT TO PROPEL FOUL CHUNKS OF FOOD INTO SPACE...

HE'S GONNA SPEW!

ENCOUNTER SPACE ARRAY HIP, HIP ARRAY

PICK STAR DREK CARD

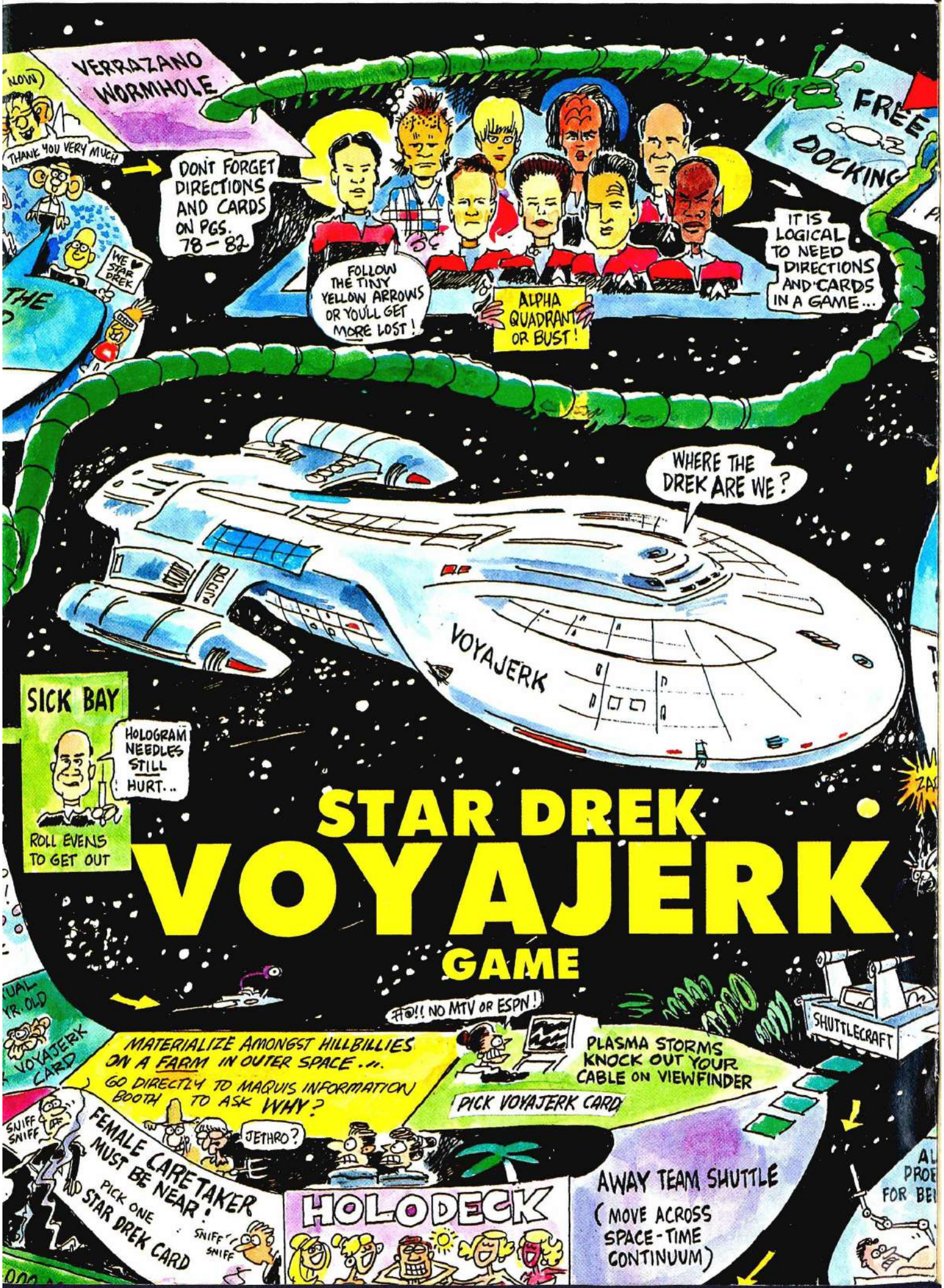
DISCOVER AC OCAMPAN 10-

YOU OL' GEEZER!

PICK

BLORNF	36
VELBON	21
TALAXIA	49
CHICAGO	971,393,390,700,709,941,000,000,000

HMM... EAU DE SPACE DEITY PERFUME..


VERRAZANO WORMHOLE
THANK YOU VERY MUCH
DONT FORGET DIRECTIONS AND CARDS ON PGS. 78-82
WE ♥ STAR DREK
FOLLOW THE TINY YELLOW ARROWS OR YOU'LL GET MORE LOST!
ALPHA QUADRANT OR BUST!
FREE DOCKING
IT IS LOGICAL TO NEED DIRECTIONS AND CARDS IN A GAME...
WHERE THE DREK ARE WE?
VOYAJERK
SICK BAY
HOLOGRAM NEEDLES STILL HURT...
ROLL EVENS TO GET OUT
STAR DREK
VOYAJERK
GAME
VOYAJERK CARD
MATERIALIZE AMONGST HILLBILLIES ON A FARM IN OUTER SPACE...
GO DIRECTLY TO MAQUIS INFORMATION BOOTH TO ASK WHY?
SNIFF SNIFF
FEMALE CARETAKER MUST BE NEAR!
PICK ONE STAR DREK CARD
JETHRO?
SNIFF SNIFF
HOLODECK
AWAY TEAM SHUTTLE
(MOVE ACROSS SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM)
PLASMA STORMS KNOCK OUT YOUR CABLE ON VIEWFINDER
PICK VOYAJERK CARD
SHUTTLECRAFT

...WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE."

CRACKED COLLECTORS' EDITION

#103/JULY '95

441 Lexington Ave., 2nd Floor, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

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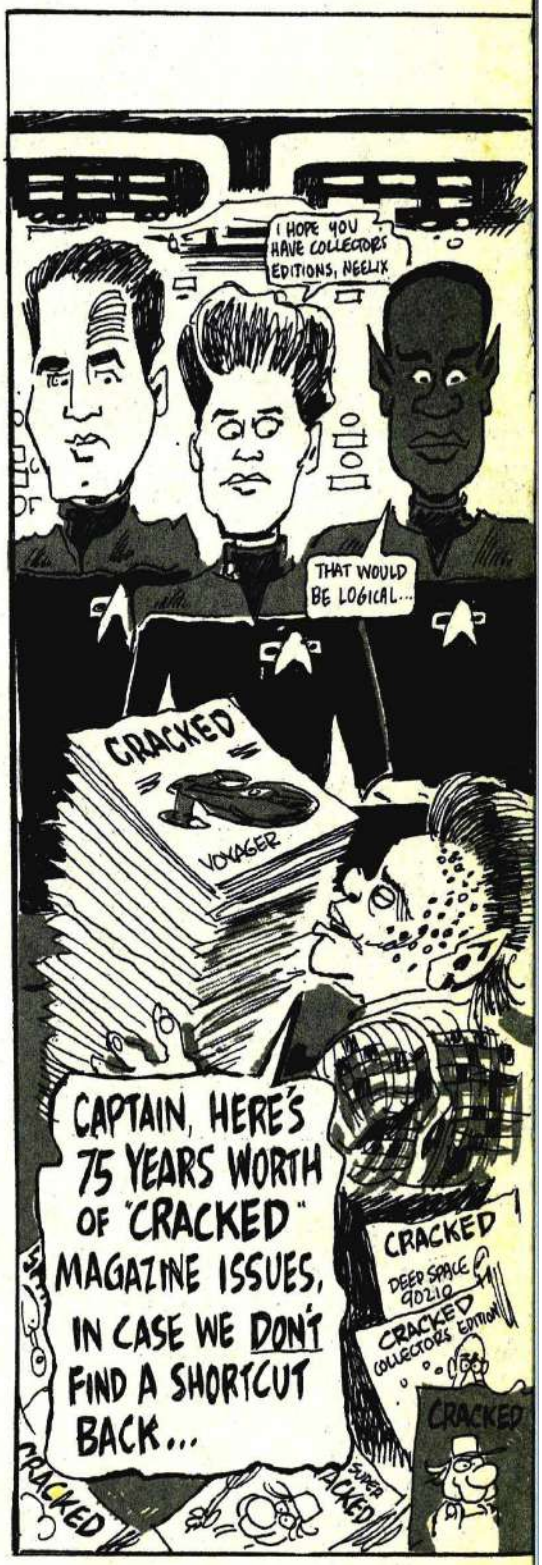

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Inside Cover Game: Mike Ricigliano **Front Cover: Walter Brogan**

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A new starship is exploring the galaxy and at the helm is Starfleet's first female captain. The favorite pastime on the Holodeck is watching the Captain take a shower. Welcome to ...

STAR

Unhappy with a new treaty which they felt **dissed** them, colonists along the **Cardorkian** border rebelled. They formed a gang called the Monquis and fought for their **turf**. They were considered outlaws by the Federation which dispatched the starship **VOYEUR** to **dispatch** the Monquis. Both ships **were hurled** into the distant reaches of the galaxy. They joined forces to find a way home, a journey that takes **75** years.

My name is Tushmuk. I'm an **African-American** Vulcan. I'm like Spock without any personality. We have the most politically correct and **illogical** crew ever assembled in the galaxy. The Monquis hate Starfleet and **vice versa.** It's like Westside Story in space.

I'm Captain Lostway and no, I'm not a **robot.** I just **sound** that way. My job is to get the ship back **before** 75 years or we'll be too old to make a Star Drek **movie.**

I'm Chukuptay, the first officer and a Native American. My real name is **Dances With Romulans.** I'm the leader of the Monquis.

My name is B'anana Toreador. I'm half Latino and half Klingon. If Rosie Perez married Worf, I'd be their **daughter.** I dropped out of the **Academy.** My job is Chief Engineer.

I'm Ensign Dim. The message here is, **drop out** of school if you want to get a good job like **Chief Engineer.**

POW!

My goal is to put gambling casinos on every **reservation** in the **Galaxy.**

WALTER JAMES BROGAN

BIG CHIEF

APPLE AND BANANA COMPUTER INC.

DREK: VOYEUR

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: WALT BROGAN

How do you like serving **under** Captain Lostway?
I think she's a fearless, courageous, cool-headed **leader.**
YAHH
Yaiee! A **mouse!**
Sorry Captain. It's for my **rodent** souffle.
B'anana, I won't have you beating up my crew. Sickbay is already **overcrowded.** The crew seems to be suffering from a **mysterious virus.**
Have you figured out what's **ailing** the crew?
Yes, Captain. It's something they **ate.**
I resent that. I made my **specialty** for lunch. Tribble Truffles.
Where did you get the Tribbles?
From your **medical refrigerator.**
SICK BAY
Idiot! Those weren't Tribbles; they were **Klingon stool samples.**
GACCK!
Why is the ship **shaking?**
We may be trapped in a **quantum singularity.**
Or perhaps Captain, we have a **cameraman** with the **shakes.** Or since we're **filming** in California, it could be an **earthquake.**
On screen!
Welcome to the Ferengi Shopping Network. This is a **once in a lifetime** opportunity to order these genuine O.J. **knives.** Can be used to cut **fruits** or **loved ones.**
Sorry Captain, wrong channel.

Could you **turn back** to the other channel? I want to order a **set** of those knives.
I'm Captain Lostway. We have **no quarrel** with you. We're looking for **a way back** to the Federation. Do you know of any wormholes, rabbit holes or even **groundhog** holes.?
You are **invading** our space. I consider that an act of **aggression.**
GEE, THIS GUY IS UGLY.
Report!
Captain, we've been **seized** by a **tractor beam.**
All engines. **Full reverse.**
Man, this is cool – a **tractor pull** in outer space.
We can't break loose.
Beam Lt. Porous and myself **aboard** the alien craft.
ALIEN SPACE CRAFT
I told you we meant you **no harm.**
My people have encountered Starfleet in the past. Captain Quirk killed my grandfather.
Draw
Fascinating, Captain, but not **logical.**
BLAAM!!
Next came Captain Discard. He killed my father. He **bored** him to death.
Morley was dead, of that there was **no doubt**... blah... blah... blah, and Tiny Tim said, 'God bless us everyone.'
Your father and grandfather had it **easy!** You're dealing with a **woman!** When was the last time this ship was **dusted?** It's **disgusting!** And look **at the floors!** Don't you have a **mop**. Those portholes are a **disgrace!**
She's **nagging** me to death!
I was prepared for this emergency, Captain. I'm **launching** you back in time.
WOOSHHHHH!!

Where are we? It must be a **war zone.**
No, it's Washington, D.C. in the year 1995.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BAN ABORTION
DRUG BOX THE DEATH PENALTY
FREE O.J.
CRASH!!!
This is where their **governing body** meets. That must be their leader.
Women shouldn't serve in combat. I mean, they can't stay in a **foxhole** and in the future, would you want a girl to pilot a **spacecraft?**
NEWT Gingrich
Put your **phaser** away. You can't kill him. It would violate the **Prime Defective** and **alter** the course of **history.**
That might not be such a bad idea. Things can't be much worse than they are **now** on this planet.
I've located the Captain and Lieutenant Porous. They're trapped in a **time warp** in the year 1995.
We have one chance to beam them back. If we **miscalculate** by so much as a minute, the consequences will be **unthinkable.**
Will we be cancelled?
Worse, we will never have **existed.** There will be no Voyager movies, toys, games, **spinoffs...**
Set coordinates, generate refractors.
No! They're in the eastern time zone on **daylight savings time!** We're an hour off! **Stop,** before we bite the **stardust.**
POOF!
Spock, what's all that noise?
I believe it is cheering. It's an emotional **outcry** by a species of **humanoid geeks** known as Trekkies. They are **celebrating** the fact that NEXT DEGENERATION, DEEPLY SPACEDOUT NINE and VOYEUR never really happened. There is only one Star Drek. That is **us!**
Mr. Scott, give me full **impulse** power.
Aye, Captain.
Captain's log, Stardate 2425. We are the voyagers of the Starship **Exit-Prize.** Our mission is to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations and to boldly go where no **MAN** has gone before.

BEAM US UP, SCOTTY!

BY ROGER BROWN & MIKE RIGIGLIANO

With the help of a magic orb, we are taking a trip into the past. For you non-Trekkies, think of the orb as a TV channel like Nickelodeon that shows nothing but reruns. Tune your orb to Stardate 4339.17 (slightly later on the west coast), and discover that Captain Discard of the Starship Enterprise has been kidnapped by the Borg, no relation to the tennis player.

Captain Discard's brain has been taken over by the Borg. He is now a **space zombie**.

How can you tell? He's **always** had that stupid blank expression.

He **has** changed. Instead of making **long, boring speeches**, he's issuing **battle commands**.

That's the good news. The bad news is he's firing at **us**. YAHHHHH!

This excerpt was from 'Star Wreck: The Next DeGeneration'. Now tune your orbs to Stardate 1993.51 for...

I am Bendermind Crisco, the **commander** of Space Station Deeply Spaced Out Nine. My wife was killed during Discard's zombie episode, making me a single parent. Now meet the rest of the crew. Even President Clinton would approve of this politically correct bunch.

I'm **Joke**, the Commander's son and the **first space brat**.

I'm Major Nerdy, second in command, but **I** should be the one in charge. I'm the ultimate liberated woman; compared to me, Hillary's a **cookie-baking housewimp**. I'm a Banjorian: the only difference between us and humans is that they get varicose veins in their legs, and we get **varicose noses**.

I'm Chief of Operations Mules O'Brain. I was spun off from 'Next Generation'. Some promotion: it's like trading in a Mercedes for a Hyundai. Geez, I feel like **Lisa Bonet**.

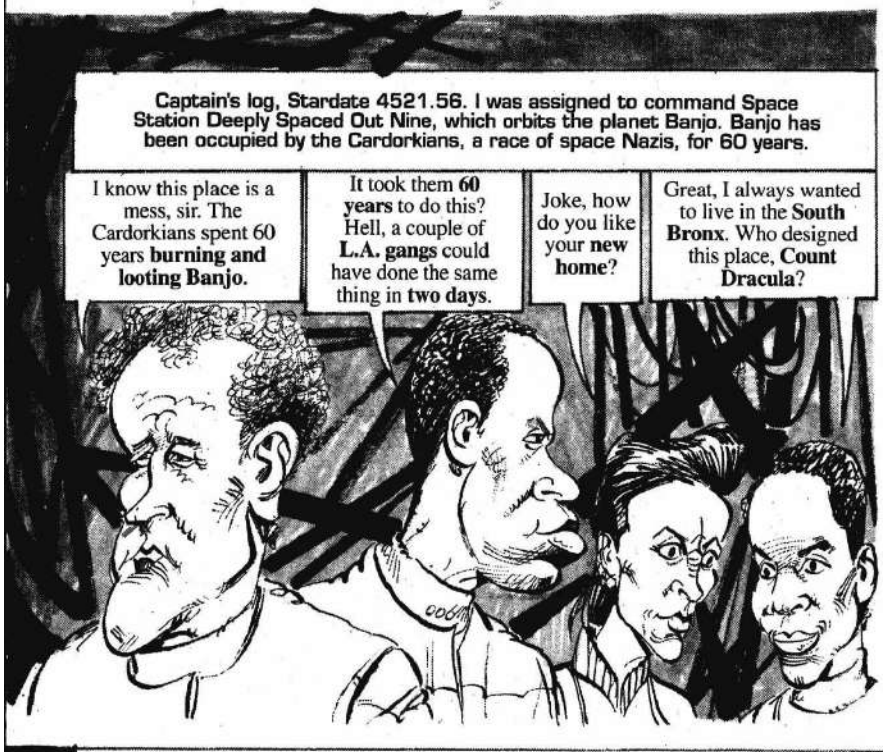
My name is **Dr. Cashir**. I'm a Multi-Species Specialist, which means I can say, "**Take two aspirins and call me in the morning**" in over 499 alien dialects.

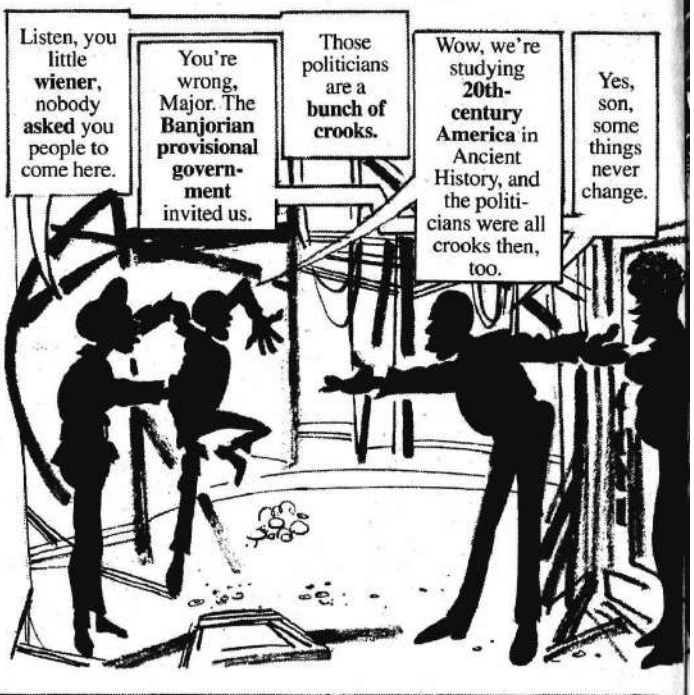
PLUTO
MICKEY MOUSE
MILKY WAY
SPACE RANGERS
WORM HOLE
MARS BAR
GOOBERS

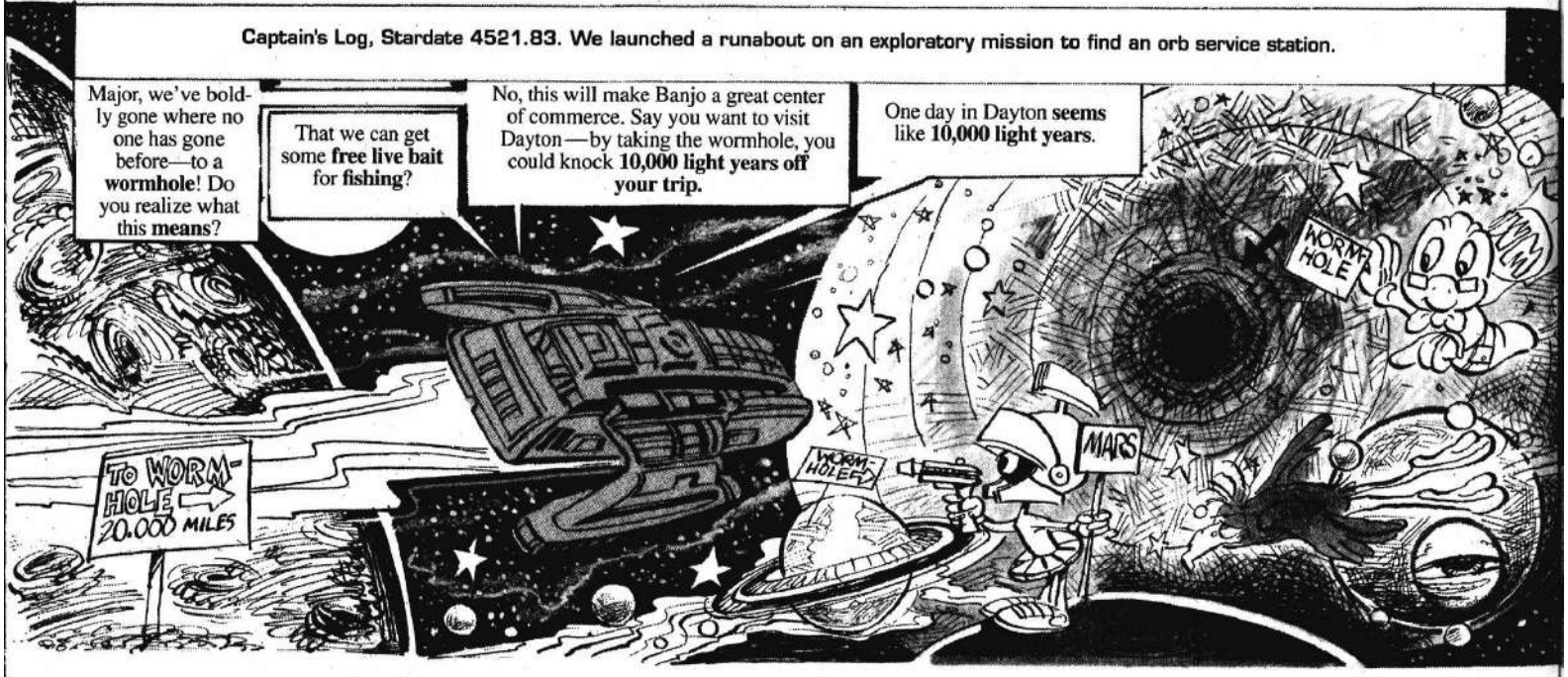
WALTER JAMES BROGAN

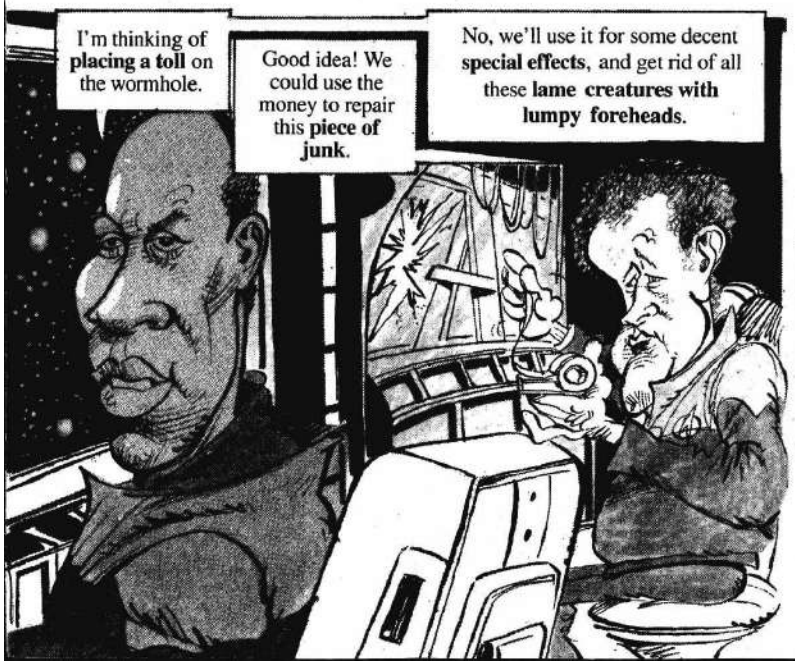
STAR WRECK | DEEPLY SPACED OUT NINE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE
ARTIST: WALTER J. BROGAN


Captain's log, Stardate 4521.56. I was assigned to command Space Station Deeply Spaced Out Nine, which orbits the planet Banjo. Banjo has been occupied by the Cardorkians, a race of space Nazis, for 60 years.
I know this place is a mess, sir. The Cardorkians spent 60 years burning and looting Banjo.
It took them 60 years to do this? Hell, a couple of L.A. gangs could have done the same thing in two days.
Joke, how do you like your new home?
Great, I always wanted to live in the South Bronx. Who designed this place, Count Dracula?


Listen, you little wiener, nobody asked you people to come here.
You're wrong, Major. The Banjorian provisional government invited us.
Those politicians are a bunch of crooks.
Wow, we're studying 20th-century America in Ancient History, and the politicians were all crooks then, too.
Yes, son, some things never change.

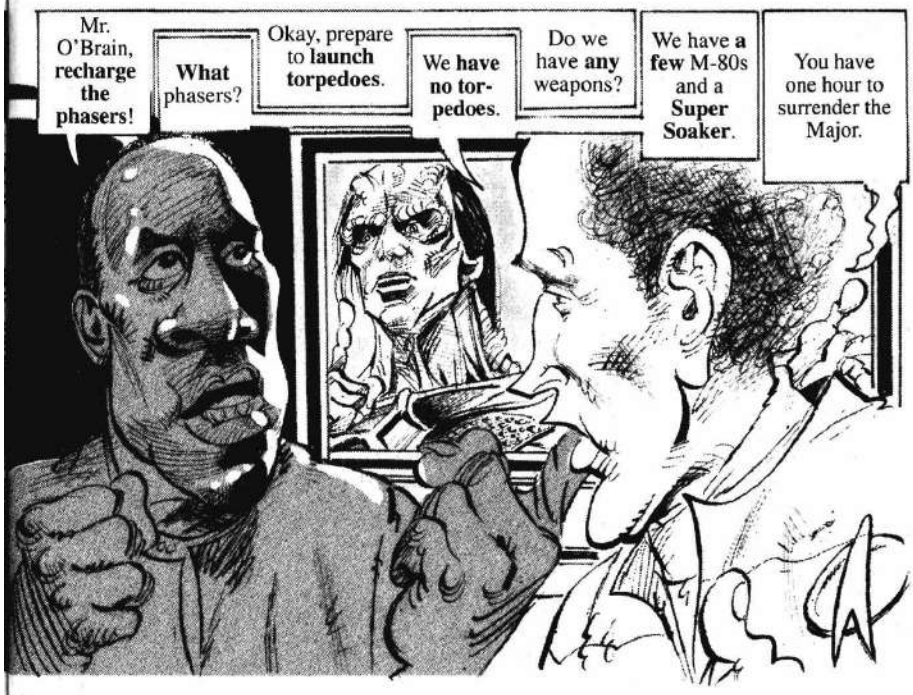

Captain's Log, Stardate 4521.83. We launched a runabout on an exploratory mission to find an orb service station.
Major, we've boldly gone where no one has gone before—to a wormhole! Do you realize what this means?
That we can get some free live bait for fishing?
No, this will make Banjo a great center of commerce. Say you want to visit Dayton—by taking the wormhole, you could knock 10,000 light years off your trip.
One day in Dayton seems like 10,000 light years.
TO WORM-HOLE 20,000 MILES
WORM-HOLE
MARS
WORM HOLE

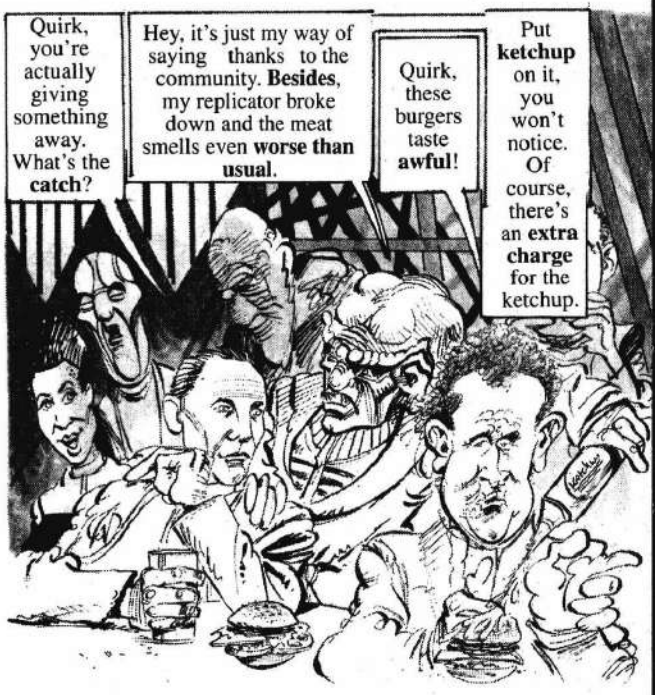

I'm thinking of placing a toll on the wormhole.
Good idea! We could use the money to repair this piece of junk.
No, we'll use it for some decent special effects, and get rid of all these lame creatures with lumpy foreheads.

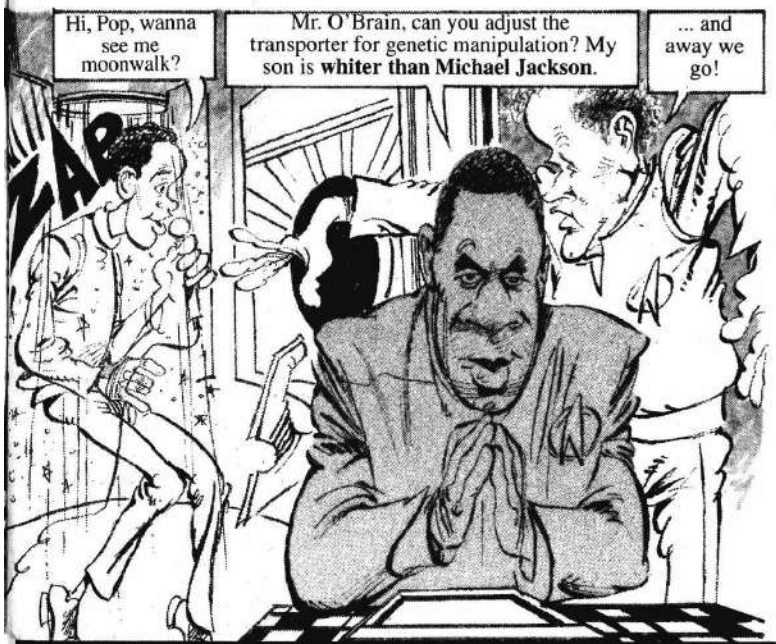
You should put some rest stops in that wormhole, pal. Hey, I'm Joey Buttafuoco; I'm here to appear on 'Larry Klingon Live'.
Sorry, the TV studio was destroyed.
By the Cardorkians?
No, by Buffalo Bills fans. One can hardly blame them for not wanting to watch TV. The Bills have lost every Super Bowl since 1990 AD.
JOEY
ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY

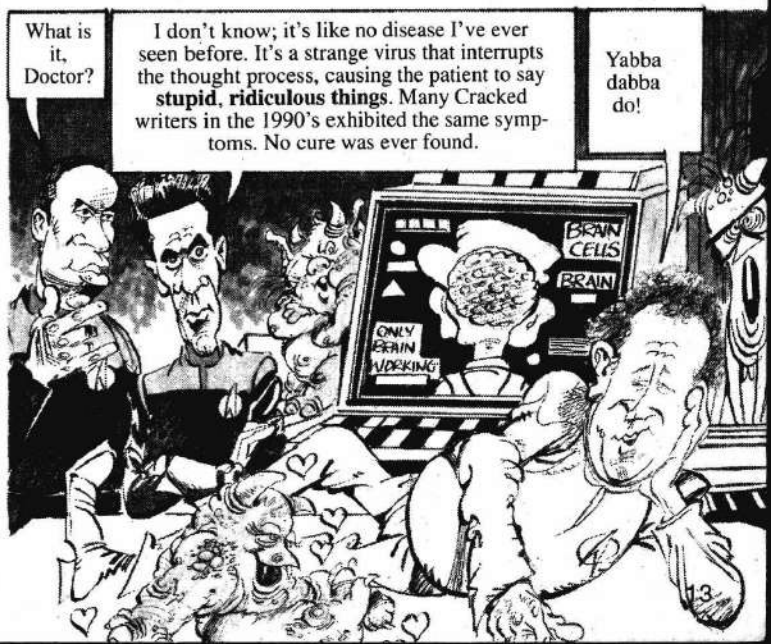
Any more visitors like **Buttafuoco** and I might **close** that wormhole.
Major, look at the screen.
I am Captain Shmuckett of the Cardorkian Space Fleet. I **demand** that you turn over the **terrorist** Major Nerdy.
I **admit** the Major is a **holy terror**, but that doesn't make her a **terrorist**.

Major Nerdy killed **992 Cardorkians** during the occupation. If you don't surrender her, we will **attack** your space station.
He's a liar! I killed **997** of those dorks.
Captain, you're not dealing with that wimp Discard. If you want to play **hardball**, **you got it**.
BAM BAM


Mr. O'Brain, **recharge the phasers!**
What phasers?
Okay, prepare to **launch torpedoes**.
We **have no torpedoes**.
Do we have **any** weapons?
We have **a few** M-80s and a **Super Soaker**.
You have one hour to surrender the Major.

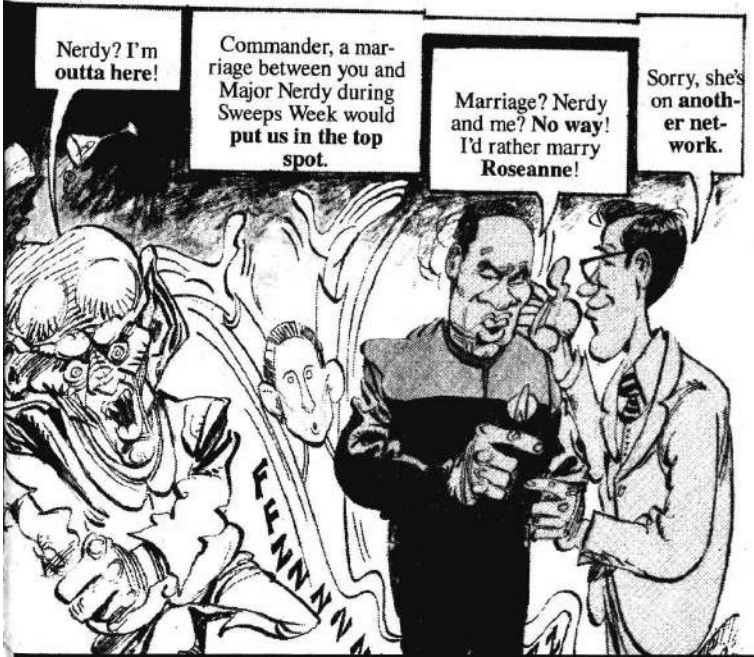

Quirk, you're actually giving something away. What's the **catch**?
Hey, it's just my way of saying thanks to the community. **Besides**, my replicator broke down and the meat smells even **worse than usual**.
Quirk, these burgers taste **awful**!
Put **ketchup** on it, you won't notice. Of course, there's an **extra charge** for the ketchup.


Hi, Pop, wanna see me moonwalk?
Mr. O'Brain, can you adjust the transporter for genetic manipulation? My son is **whiter than Michael Jackson**.
... and away we go!
ZAP


What is it, Doctor?
I don't know; it's like no disease I've ever seen before. It's a strange virus that interrupts the thought process, causing the patient to say **stupid**, **ridiculous things**. Many Cracked writers in the 1990's exhibited the same symptoms. No cure was ever found.
Yabba dabba do!
BRAIN CELLS
BRAIN
ONLY BRAIN WORKING

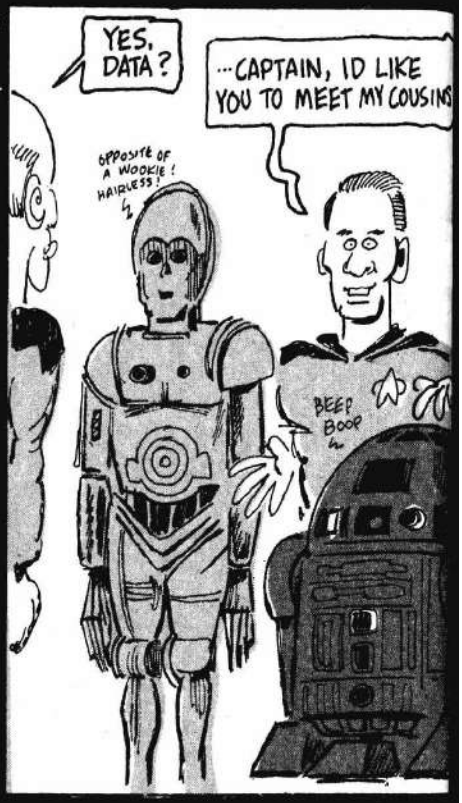
Commander...
Dammit, don't you ever knock?
Sorry, but there isn't time. The virus is spreading: we have an epidemic on our hands.
CRACKER
Sock it to me!
Who loves ya, baby?
What's up, doc?
Even my son has been infected! We've got to find out what's causing this virus.
This may be a coincidence, but all the victims recently ate McMoon Burgers.
Quirk, what did you put in those burgers?
Sorry, I can't tell you that. It's a secret recipe.
Yecch, this meat smells rotten.
I admit it's slightly tainted. That's an old American fast-food tradition.
YECH!
BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE TWO FREE THREE FREE FOUR FREE...
Where did you get this meat?
From the Cardorkians. They gave it to me for nothing. There's an old Ferengi saying, "Never look a gift horse—pardon the expression—in the mouth."
ONE GET FREE
That's it; they injected the virus into the meat! We'll need a sample to run some tests.
Forget it, no freebies!
Okay, I'll buy one.
Do you want pickles and ketchup?
This virus was created artificially.
That means they must have created an artificial antidote.
Seems logical to me, in an artificial kind of way.
Commander, the Cardorkians only want me. Beam me aboard their ship.
You'd risk your life to get the antidote?
No, I need to kill just three more Cardorkians to make it an even 1,000. That'll put me in the Guinness Book of Intergalactic Records. Also, while I'm on the Cardorkian ship, I'll get the antidote.

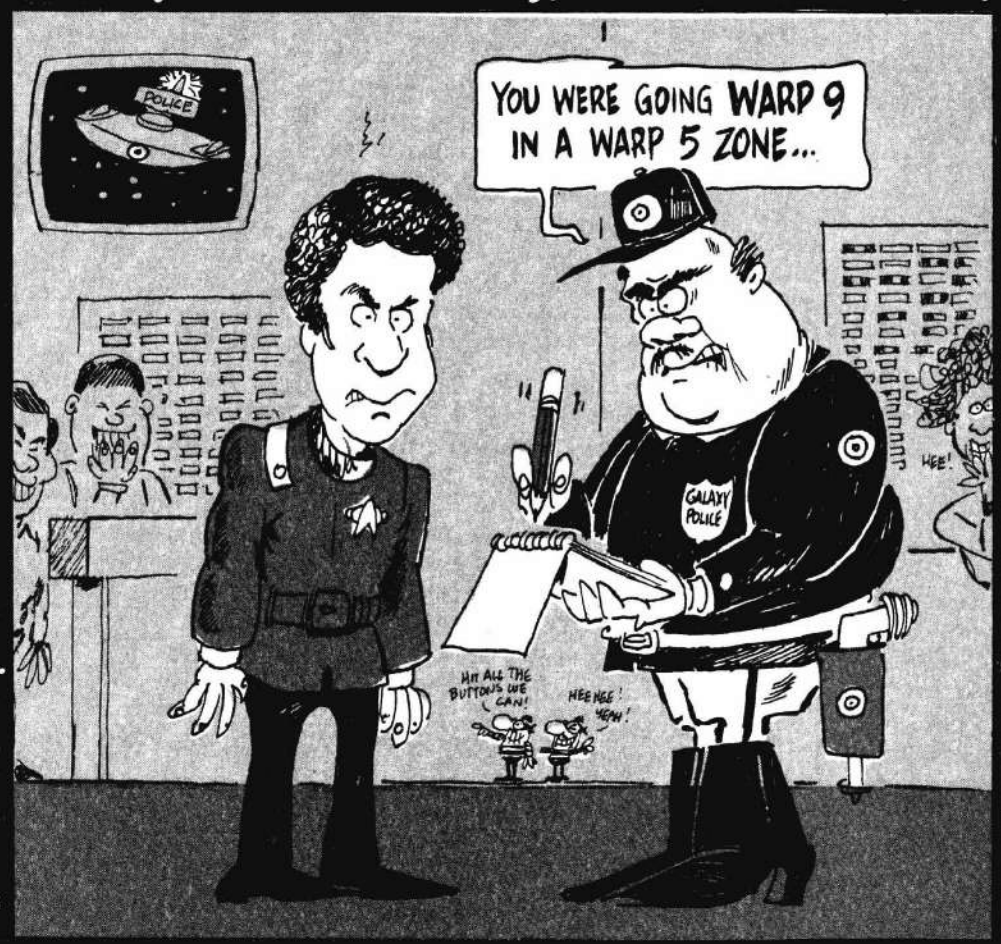
Stardate 4245.98. Dr. Cashir administered the antidote. It caused a lot of burping, but it worked, and things returned to normal on Deeply Spaced Out Nine.

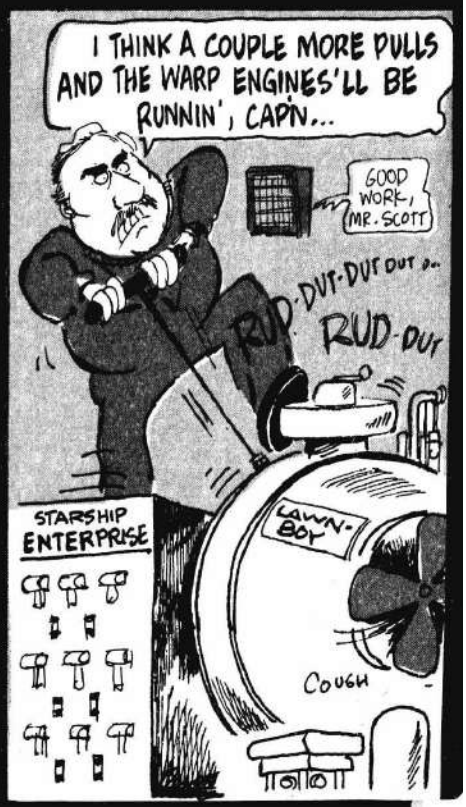


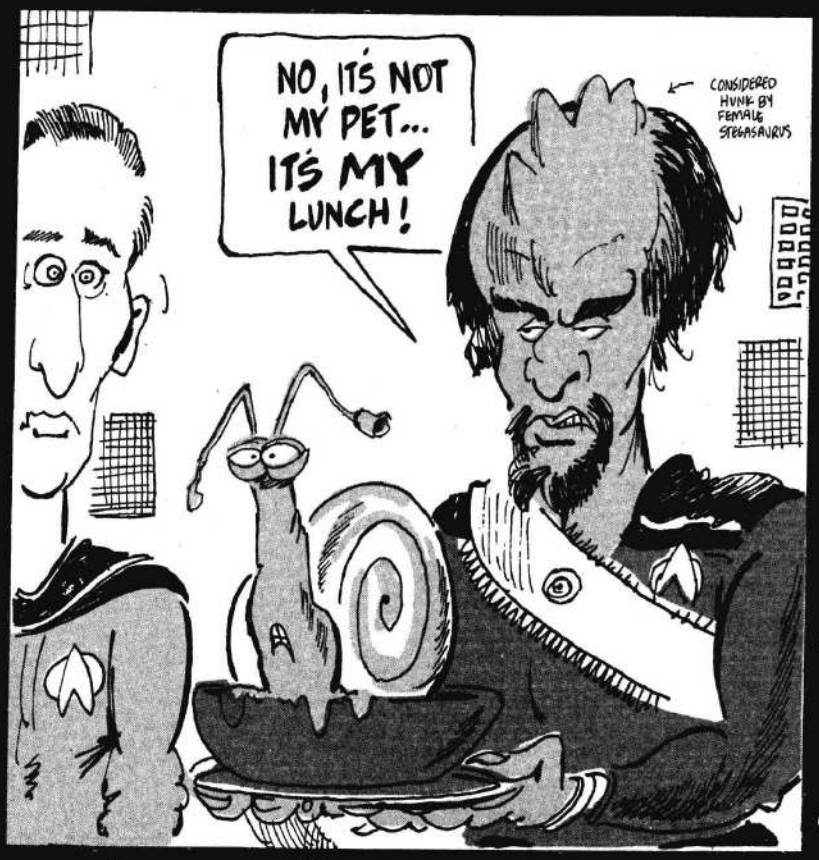
STAR TREK FUNNIES

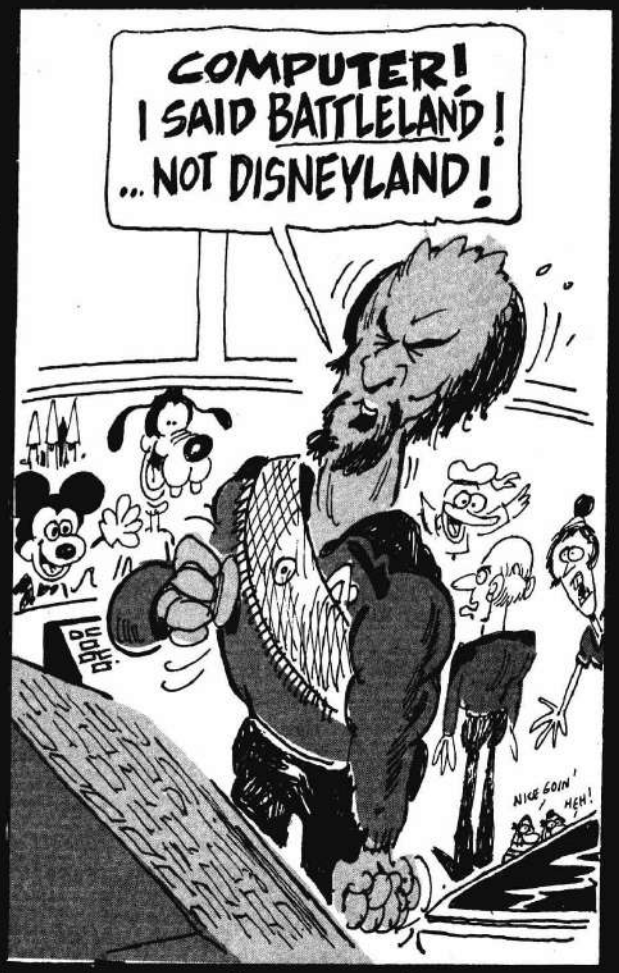
BY ROGER BROWN & MIKE RICIGLIANO

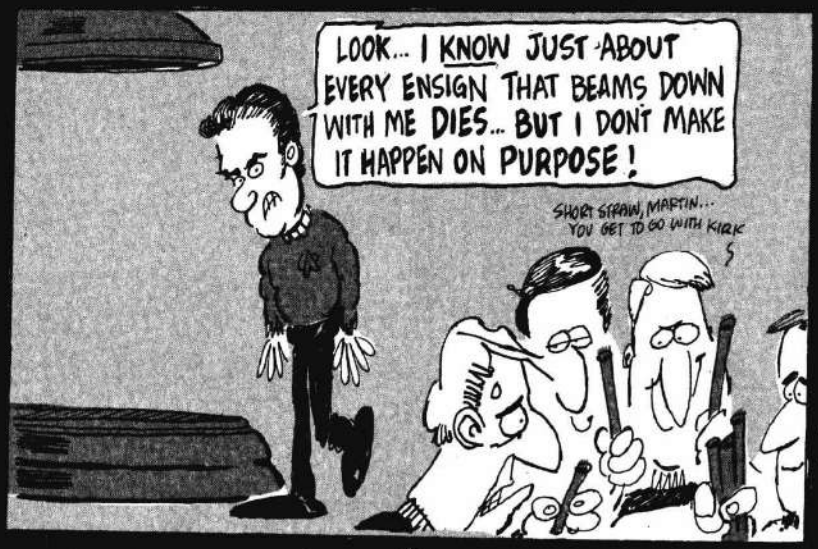


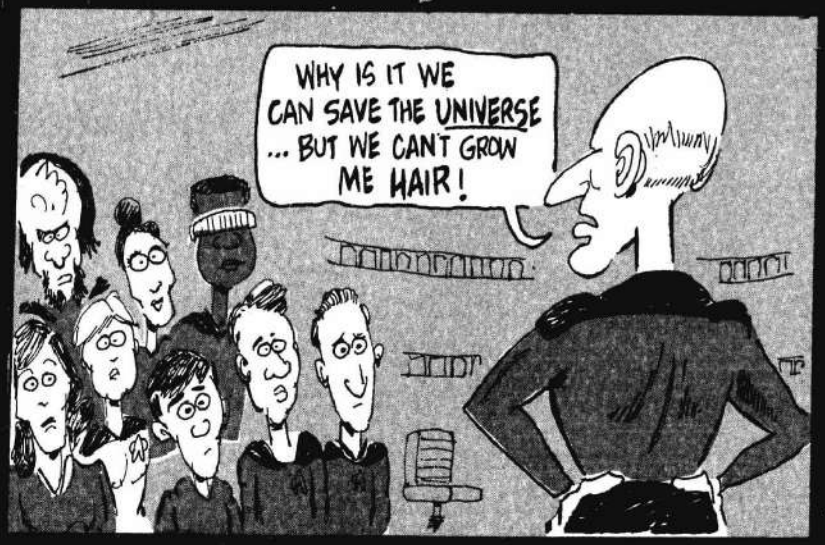





NO, IT'S NOT MY PET... IT'S MY LUNCH!
CONSIDERED HUNK BY FEMALE STEGASAURUS

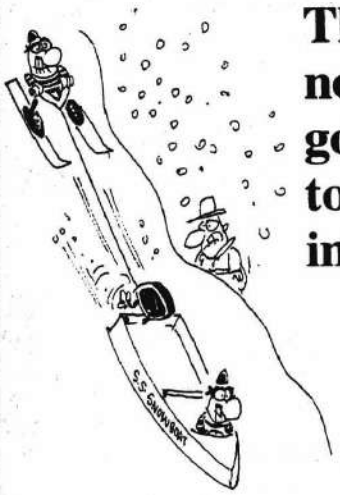

COMPUTER! I SAID BATTLELAND! ... NOT DISNEYLAND!
NICE GOIN' HEH!

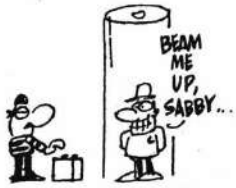

LOOK... I KNOW JUST ABOUT EVERY ENSIGN THAT BEAMS DOWN WITH ME DIES... BUT I DONT MAKE IT HAPPEN ON PURPOSE!
SHORT STRAW, MARTIN... YOU GET TO GO WITH KIRK


WHY IS IT WE CAN SAVE THE UNIVERSE ... BUT WE CAN'T GROW ME HAIR!

IN KLINGON, THAT MEANS "YOUR MOTHER WEARS ARMY BOOTS!

The voyagers of the new improved Star Ship Exitprize no longer seek out new life or go boldly where no man has gone before or any of that other neat stuff 'cause they're too busy talking. So adjust your earplugs as we blast off into outer space for a Cracked eye view of...





I am Jaw-Glued Discard, the Captain of the SS Exitprize. My mission is to go baldly, I mean, boldly forth and make the Trekkies forget Jim Quirk.

Logically speaking, Captain, that is mission impossible. I'm Mr. Shmock, special guest star. On the original Exitprize, I could render a person unconscious instantly by touching a nerve in his neck. It takes this politically correct crew an entire hour of boring dialogue to accomplish the same thing.

I'm Lt. Commander Rooker, the Captain calls me Number 1, even though I'm second in command. Luckily, he's lousy at numbers. I'd hate being called Number 2.

I'm Guinerd, the ship's bartender. I mix an Oscar winning Mint Jupiter, but I'm a **ghost** of my former self. Hey! I'm 700 years old.

SHIP'S BRIDGE

CAPTAIN'S LOG

MARS BAR

MILKY WAY

MILK DUDS

CAPTAIN'S CAT

CAPTAIN'S CUP

CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE

X-IV

BARNGRIL

ANNEX

STAR WRECK

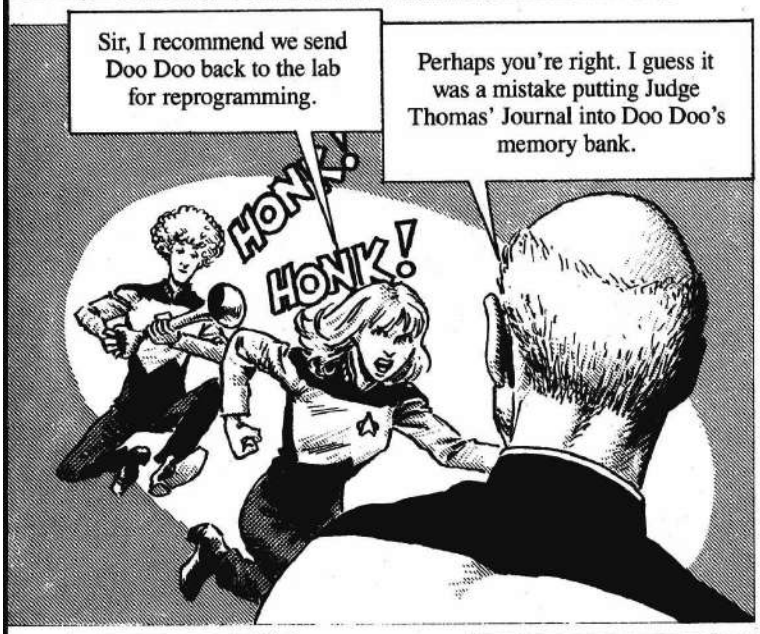
THE NEXT DEGENERATION

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

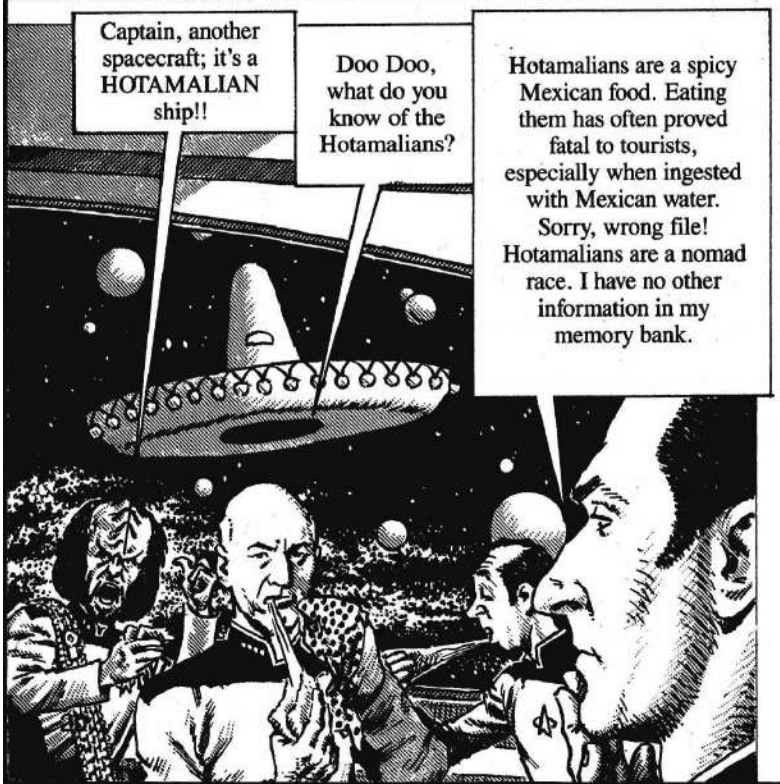
ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

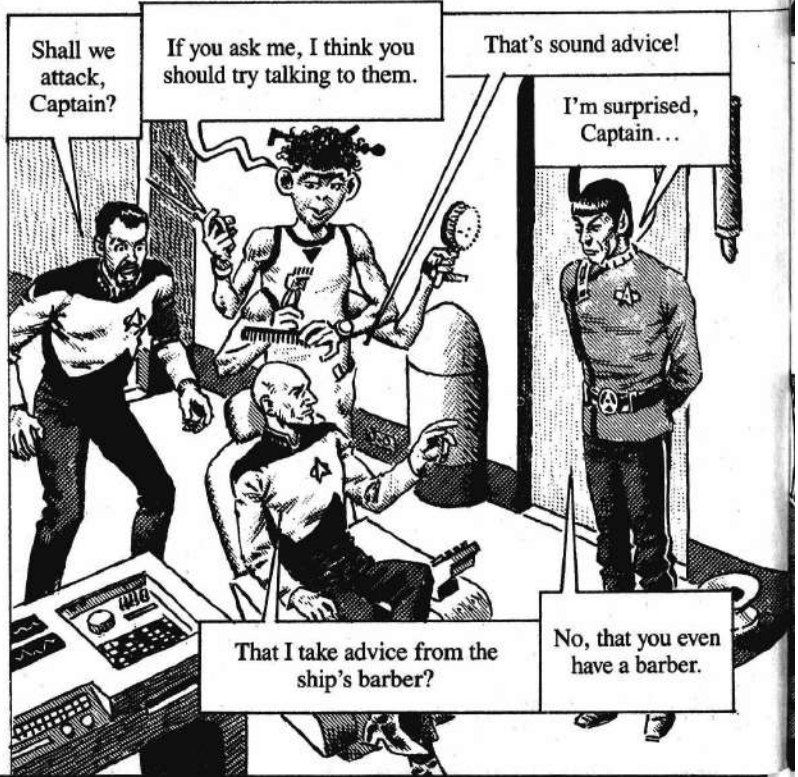
Hey, Doc, did you ever make out with an Android?
Captain, I want to file a sexual harassment charge against Doo Doo! He's always trying to hit on me.
I can't help it; I was programmed to act like a normal man.

We're picking up a gamma ray life form, Captain!
If you can pick up a life form, why can't I pick up chicks?


Sir, I recommend we send Doo Doo back to the lab for reprogramming.
Perhaps you're right. I guess it was a mistake putting Judge Thomas' Journal into Doo Doo's memory bank.
HONK!
HONK!

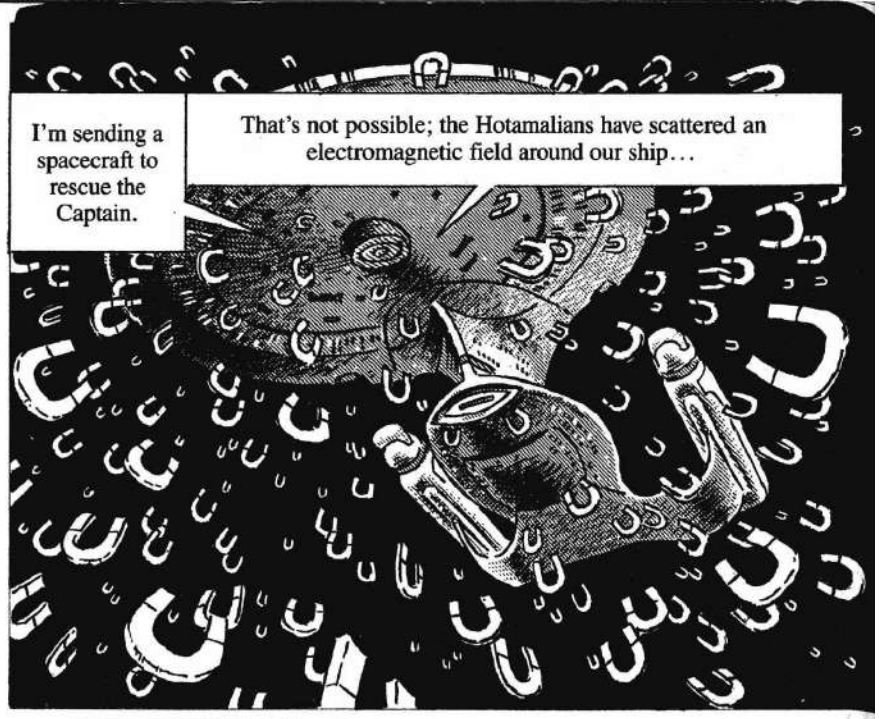
Sir, it's a spaceship...
It may be the Rummylins. Take evasive action, prepare to fire phasers!
Hold your fire! It's the Domino Pizza Delivery Craft!
They're two eons late; we don't have to pay.

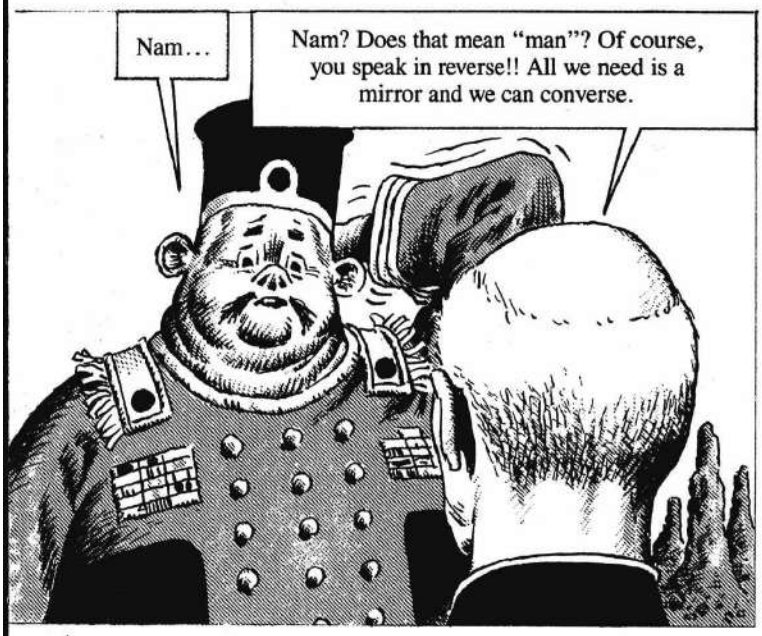

Captain, another spacecraft; it's a HOTAMALIAN ship!!
Doo Doo, what do you know of the Hotamalians?
Hotamalians are a spicy Mexican food. Eating them has often proved fatal to tourists, especially when ingested with Mexican water. Sorry, wrong file! Hotamalians are a nomad race. I have no other information in my memory bank.

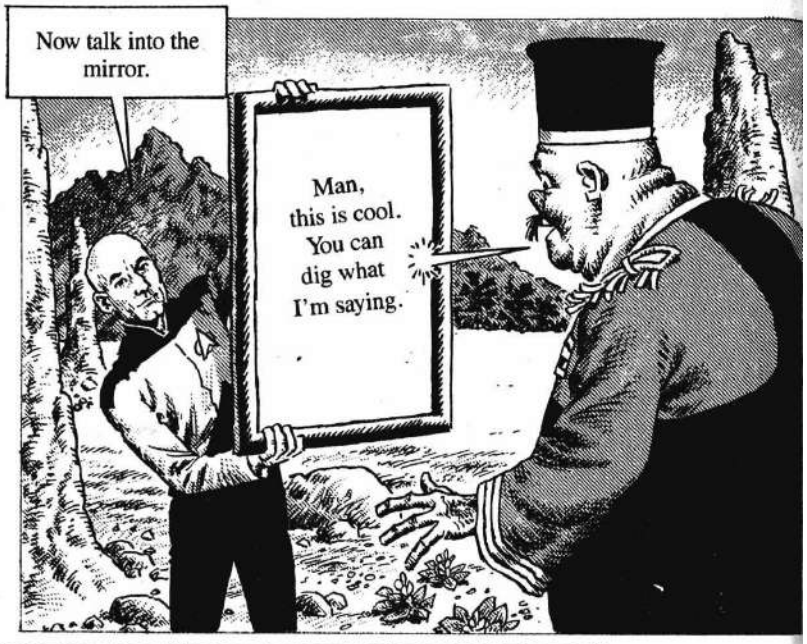

Shall we attack, Captain?
If you ask me, I think you should try talking to them.
That's sound advice!
I'm surprised, Captain...
That I take advice from the ship's barber?
No, that you even have a barber.

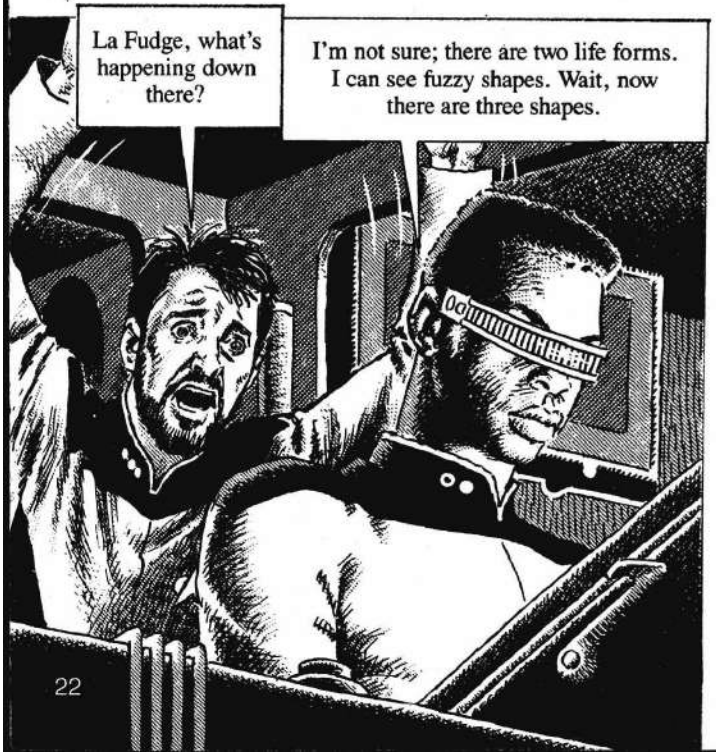
Before I make a final decision, I must speak with an expert thoroughly versed in these matters.
Thank you, Captain.
Not you, Shmock, I mean Guinerd. Anybody who has tended bar for 700 years knows practically everything.
What'll it be, Captain? A big dipper of your favorite brewski and a small dipper chaser?
No, just some advice on how we should handle the Hotamalian ship.
Take the same action you always employ, inaction!
Thank you.
NO CREDIT
Captain Quirk would have fired a warning phaser spread across their bow, to let them know we mean business.
This generation we take a different approach to confrontations. We attempt to communicate; it's all a matter of patience and understanding. We must act with prudence and extend a friendly hand to all peoples.
Captain...
Who are you?
I'm John Severin, Ship's Artist. Your long-winded speeches don't leave me any room to draw.
We have the Hotamalian Captain...
I'll talk to him. Captain, would you be amenable to a treaty and a cultural exchange? The Federation will send you Bob Hope, Brooke Shields, and New Kids on the Galaxy and you send us your top entertainers.
Nam, tahw ouy nicklat tuoba?
I don't think he understands you, Captain, but then neither do we half the time.
Captain, it's not possible to communicate with the Hotamalians. Nobody in the galaxy can comprehend their language.
Maybe we should try charades. First word... sounds like...eye...
Captain, where's the Captain?
The Hotamalians have transported him to the planet surface, along with their Captain.
A logical move, it was one of Jim's favorite bits, the two champions engaged in a duel to the death. Is Captain Discard armed?
Only with his tongue.

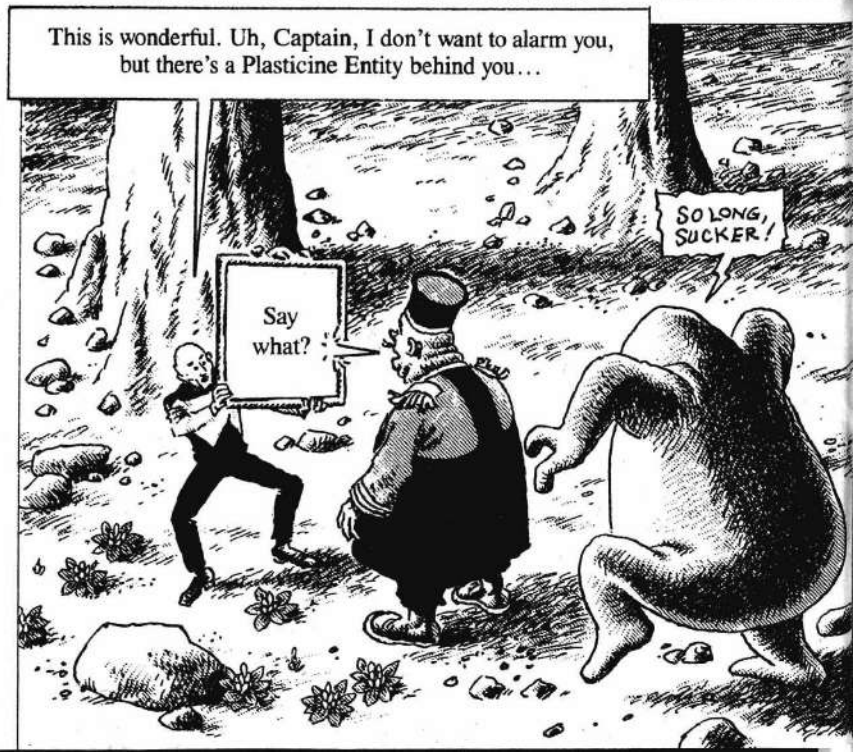
Yeh, nam, emmig evif!
I'm afraid I don't understand you but if you're looking for a fight, I'm not interested. How about a game of Scrabble or a debate on our two cultures?
PLANT A TREE PLEASE

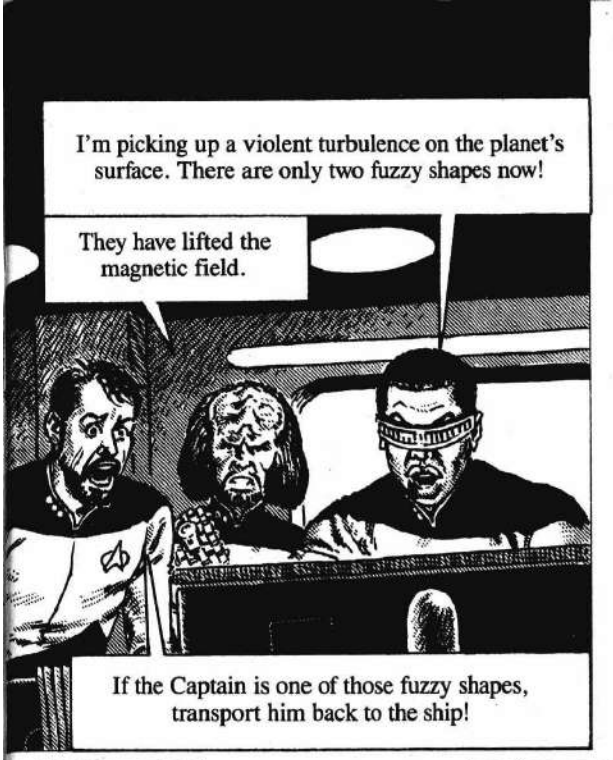

I'm sending a spacecraft to rescue the Captain.
That's not possible; the Hotamalians have scattered an electromagnetic field around our ship…

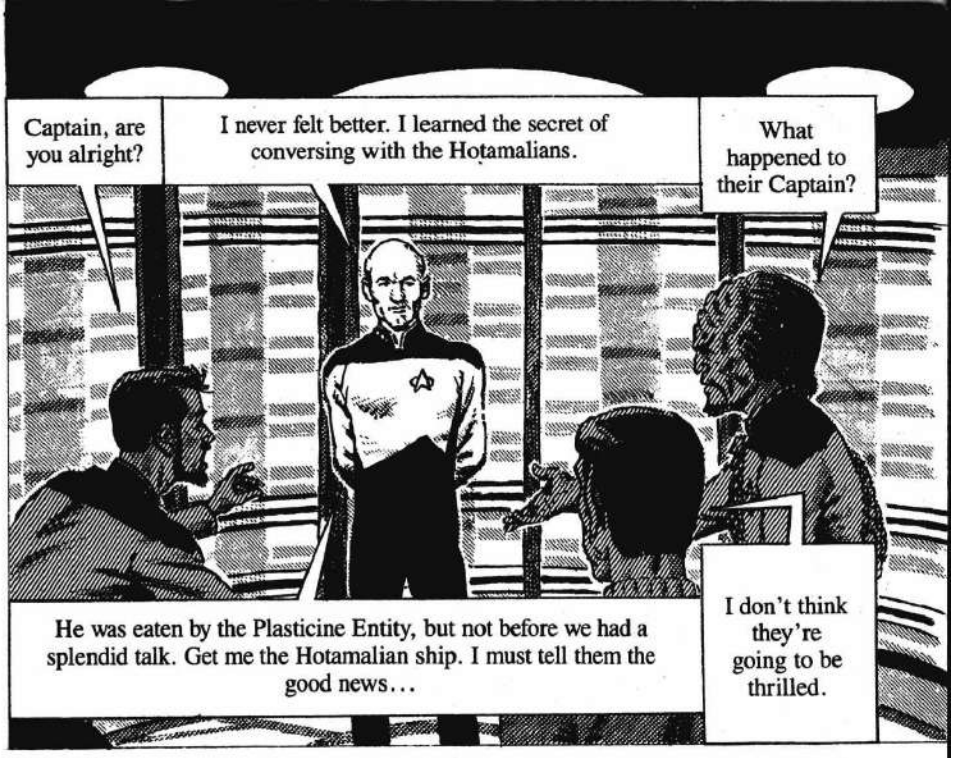

Nam…
Nam? Does that mean "man"? Of course, you speak in reverse!! All we need is a mirror and we can converse.

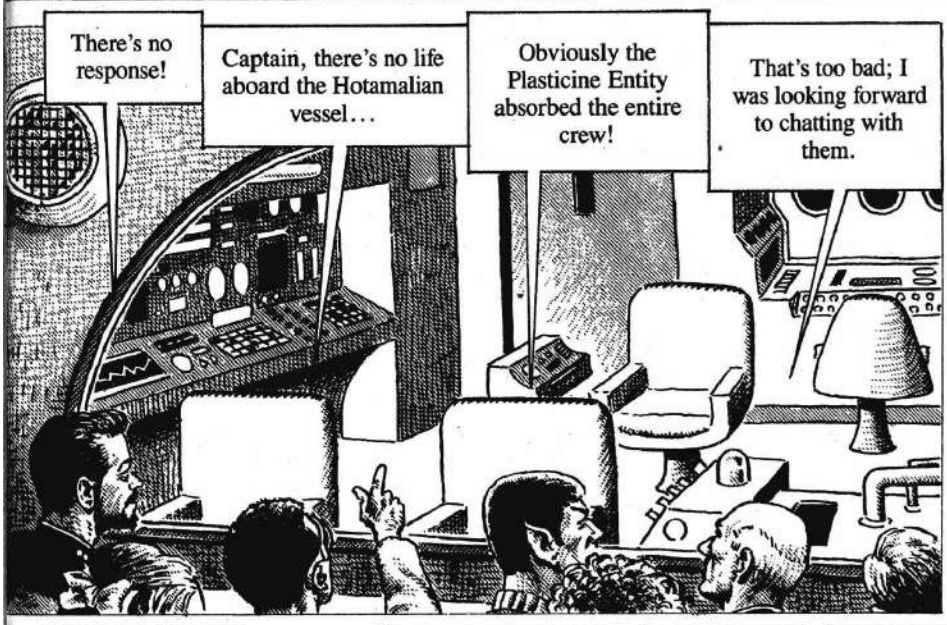

Now talk into the mirror.
Man, this is cool. You can dig what I'm saying.

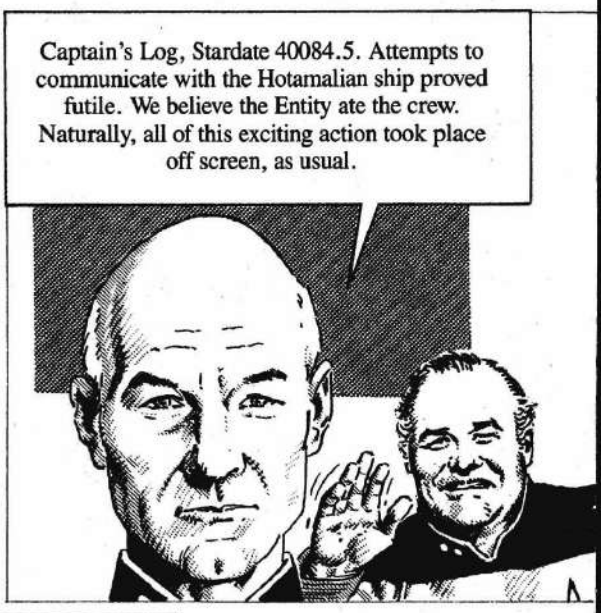

La Fudge, what's happening down there?
I'm not sure; there are two life forms. I can see fuzzy shapes. Wait, now there are three shapes.

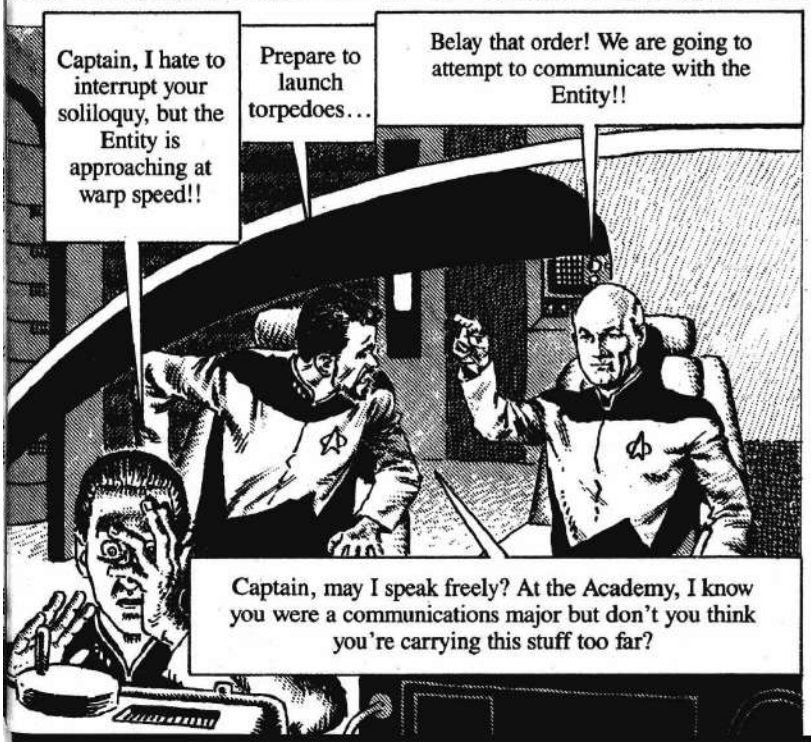

This is wonderful. Uh, Captain, I don't want to alarm you, but there's a Plasticine Entity behind you…
Say what?
SO LONG, SUCKER!

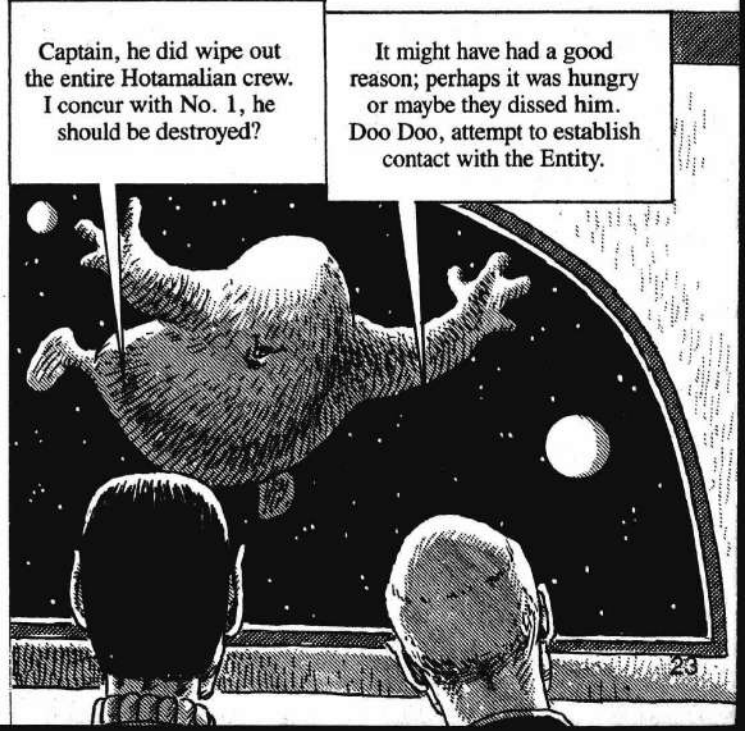

I'm picking up a violent turbulence on the planet's surface. There are only two fuzzy shapes now!
They have lifted the magnetic field.
If the Captain is one of those fuzzy shapes, transport him back to the ship!


Captain, are you alright?
I never felt better. I learned the secret of conversing with the Hotamalians.
What happened to their Captain?
He was eaten by the Plasticine Entity, but not before we had a splendid talk. Get me the Hotamalian ship. I must tell them the good news...
I don't think they're going to be thrilled.


There's no response!
Captain, there's no life aboard the Hotamalian vessel...
Obviously the Plasticine Entity absorbed the entire crew!
That's too bad; I was looking forward to chatting with them.


Captain's Log, Stardate 40084.5. Attempts to communicate with the Hotamalian ship proved futile. We believe the Entity ate the crew. Naturally, all of this exciting action took place off screen, as usual.


Captain, I hate to interrupt your soliloquy, but the Entity is approaching at warp speed!!
Prepare to launch torpedoes...
Belay that order! We are going to attempt to communicate with the Entity!!
Captain, may I speak freely? At the Academy, I know you were a communications major but don't you think you're carrying this stuff too far?

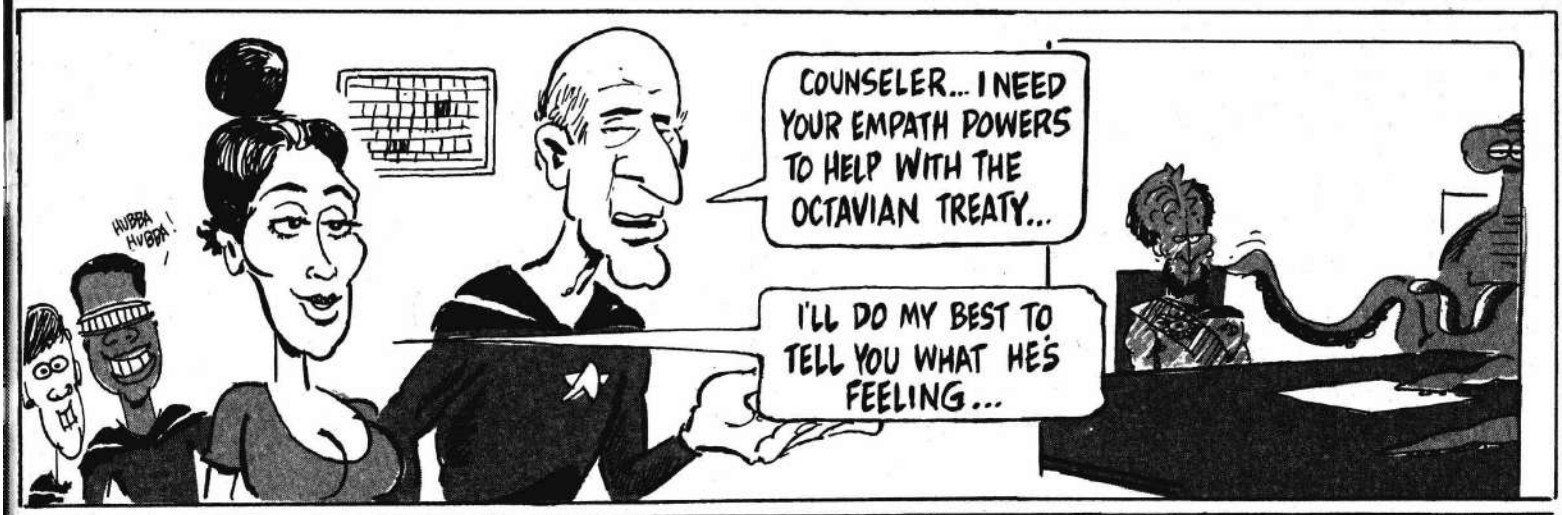

Captain, he did wipe out the entire Hotamalian crew. I concur with No. 1, he should be destroyed?
It might have had a good reason; perhaps it was hungry or maybe they dissed him. Doo Doo, attempt to establish contact with the Entity.

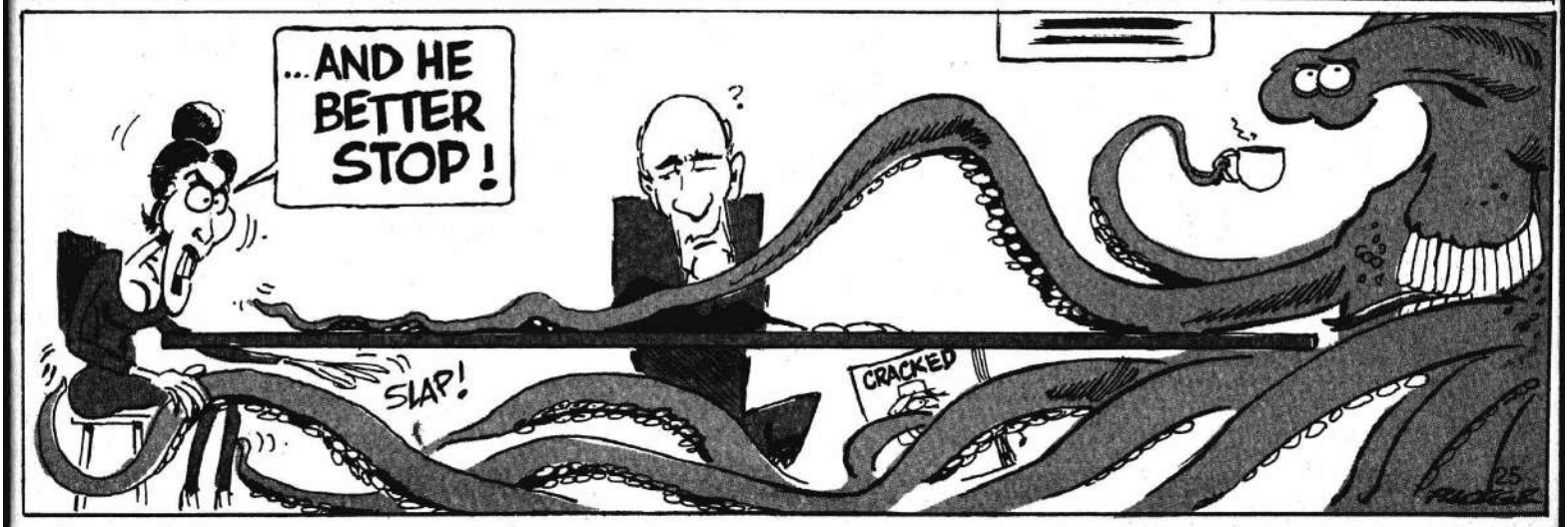
Sir, it's receptive to our signals. I'm picking up gravitation impulses.
Can you decipher the patterns?
Wait, I think I've got it! By George, I've got it...!
We have to erase those old movies from Doo Doo's memory bank. Switch to manual readout...
It says, BURP... wait, there's more. Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman...
Captain, we've got to destroy that thing before it kills all of us!
Number 1, we are not hunters. Our job is to boldly go where no man has gone before.
TIK TIKY TIK
Does that mean inside the digestive tract of an Entity?
I'm relieving you of all duties, report to your quarters. Guinerd, I trust your judgement. You're my new Number 1!
Chalk up a win for Women's Lib.
How do you propose we deal with the Entity?
No problem...
First we feed that sucker. Hearty appetite, dude!
YAHHHHHH
Then we waste him!!
Special Guest Star Log, Stardate 40084.9. I am not capable of emotion but if I were, I'd feel happy. Sanity and logic have finally returned to the Exitprize. There indeed is hope for the next generation. Beam me aboard, Scotty.
BRRRRRRRRRZAP
SPLAT!
TH'END

STAR DREK

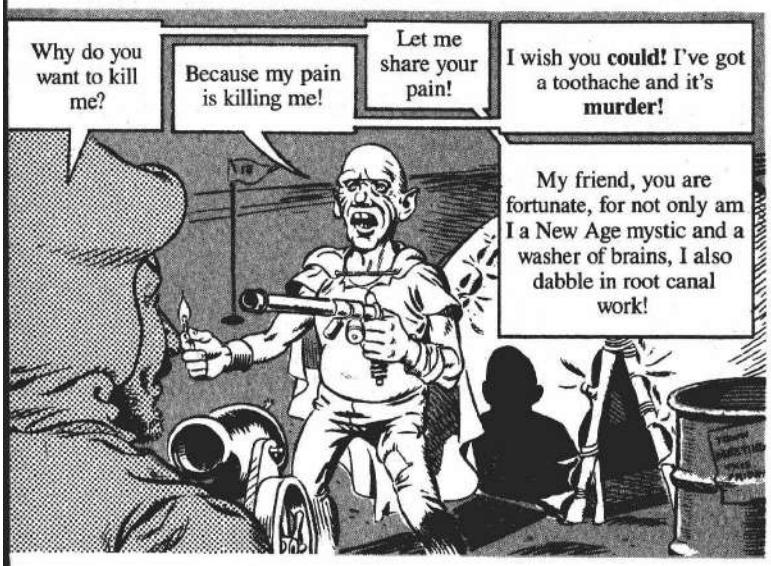
THE NEXT GENERATION

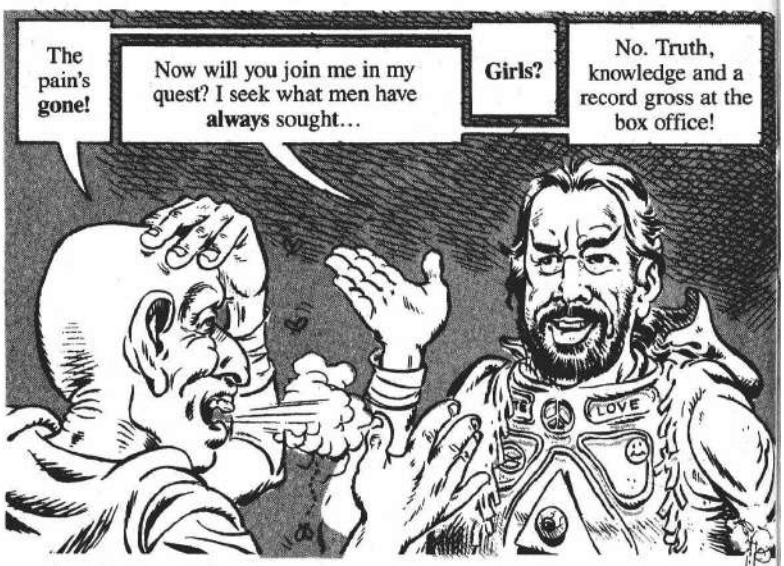
BY ROGER BROWN AND MIKE RICIGLIANO





"LUQ HIJOL!" For you interstellar illiterates who don't understand Klingyawnese, that means, "Okay, beam us aboard!" So fasten your seatbelts for a futuristic blast from the past...



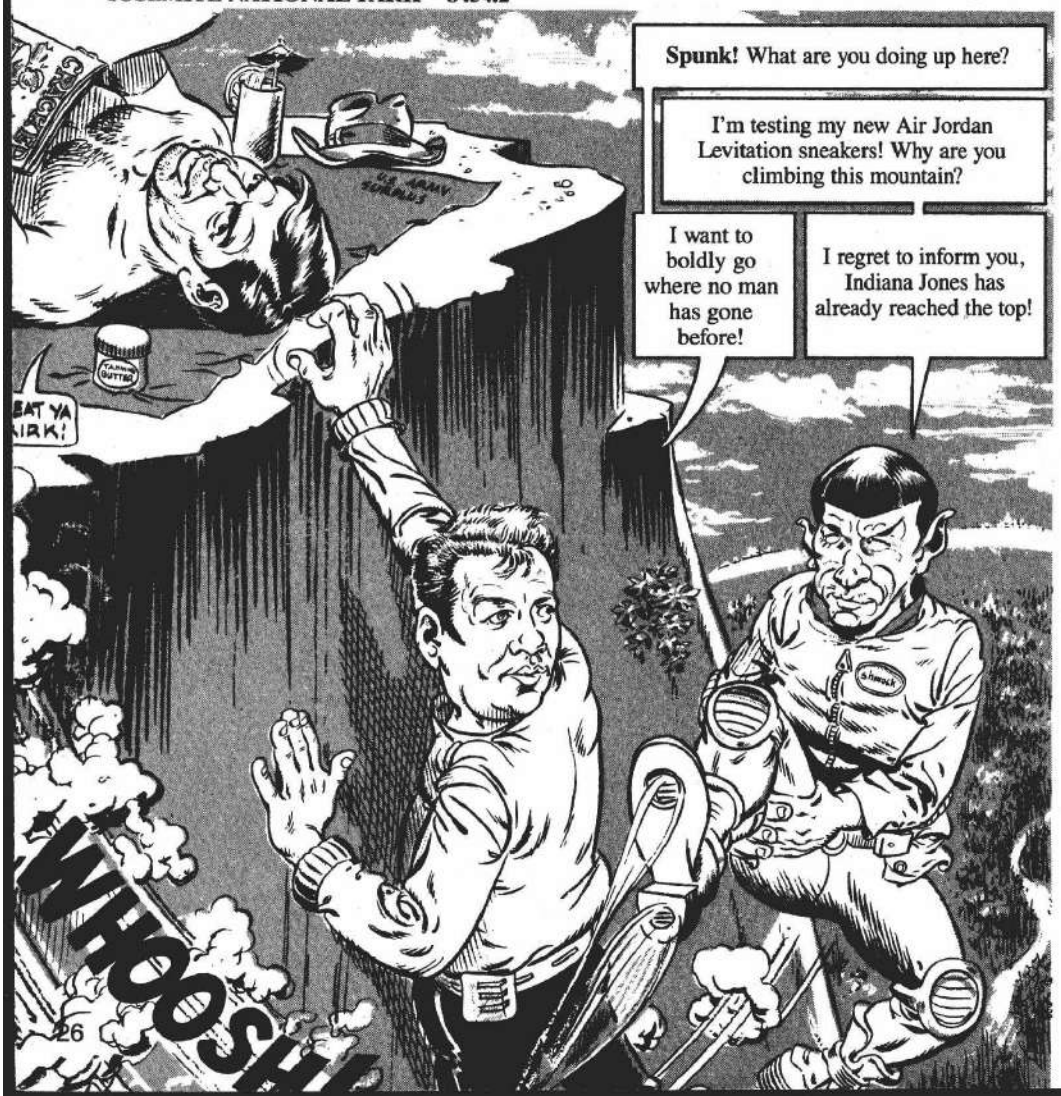


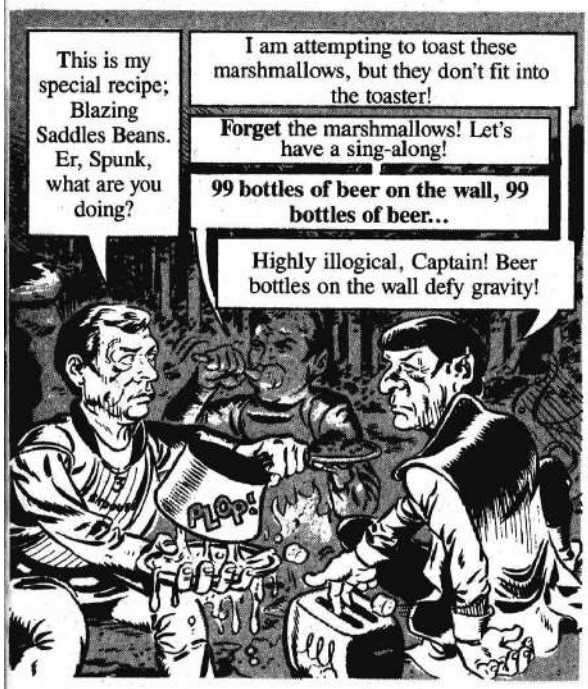
STAR DREK V
THE FINITE FRONTIER

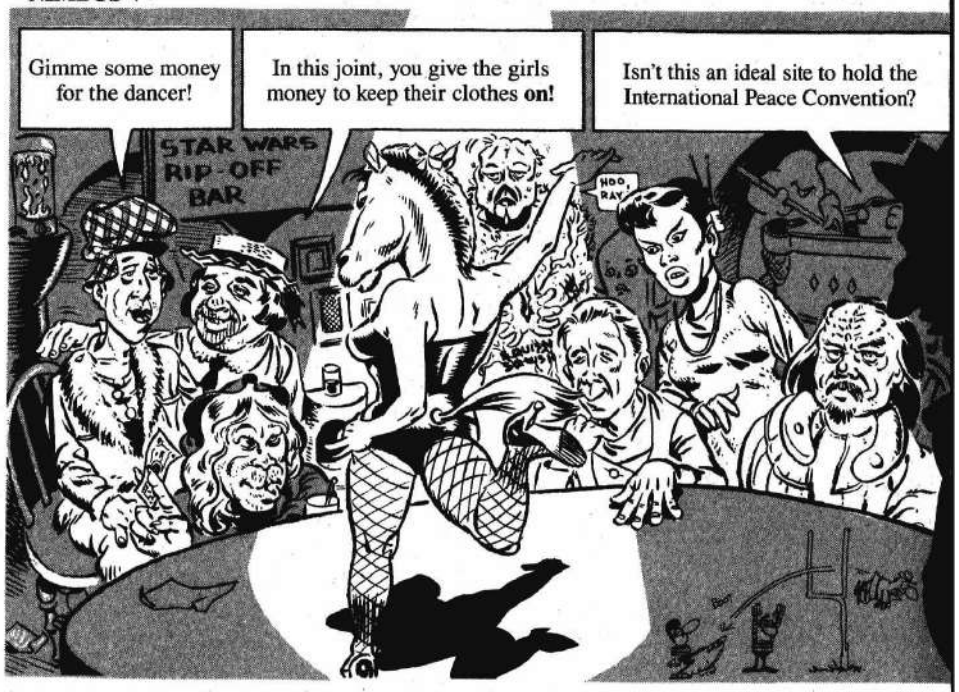
TONY FRANK
star scripter

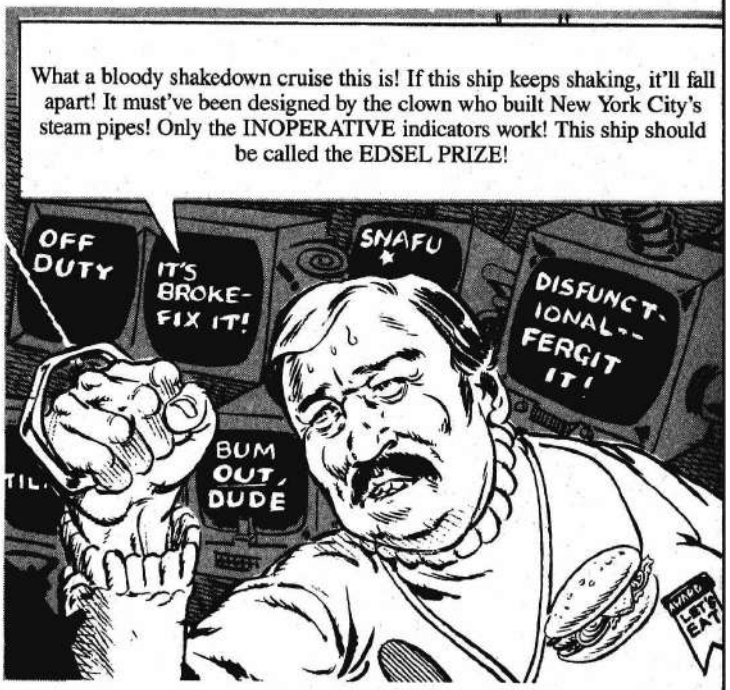
RICK ALTERGOTT
astral artist

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK— 8454.2



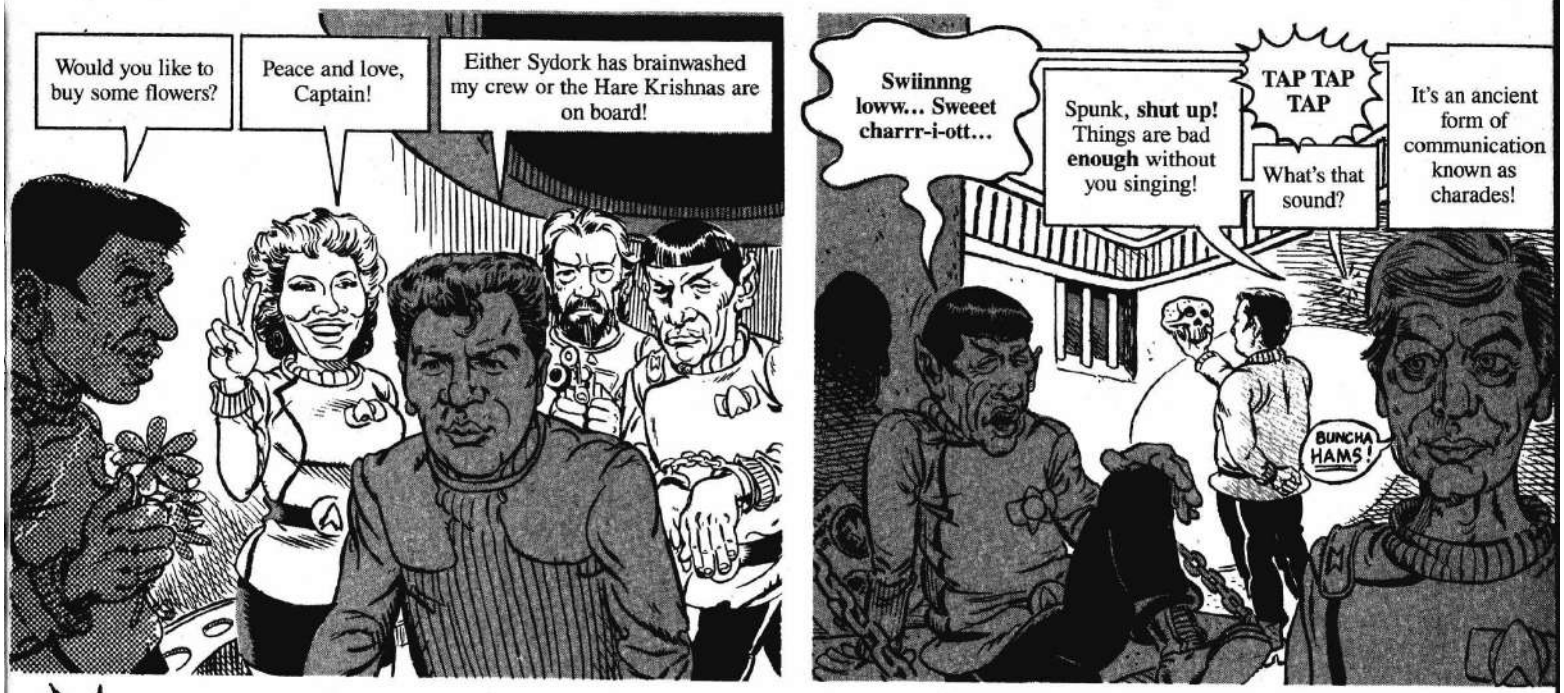


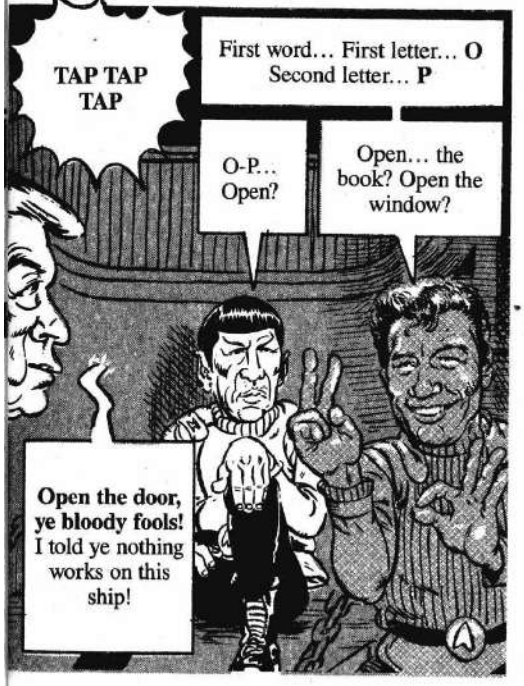


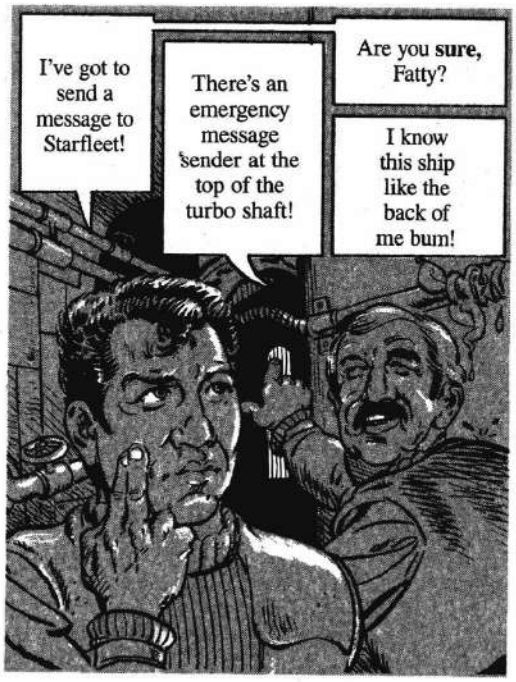


***This means:** "I can't eat that!" which doesn't make sense, but it's the only Klingyawnese we know! What he probably said was, "Oh boy! A starship! Let's blow that sucker out of the sky!"

Captain! Even if we locate the hostages, we don't have enough power to beam them aboard!
Then we'll have to rescue them the old-fashioned way!
KA-WAP!
We Klingyawns are mighty warriors, but **lousy** shots!
This primitive equipment is effective but very uncomfortable!
Is this old-fashioned or **what?** A shoot out at the O.K. Corral!
BANG! BANG!
We've come to rescue you!
Hand over your guns and no one will be hurt!
Sydork!
Spunk, let me help you! I know you have a deep **inner** pain!
Actually, I have a deep **outer** pain! I was riding a horse!
Never mind the pain, what's this all about?
I'm going to steal your starship!
So **that's** why you staged this hostage situation!
No, I wanted to invite Spunk to our Fulcan class reunion!
BEAM ME UP SCOTTY NO
Captain's Log: Stardate 8454.3... We're being held prisoner by a crazy Fulcan, a Klingyawn is trying to waste us, there's not enough power on the ship so we have to go in manually, my zipper's stuck in the "open" position and I don't know why I'm talking into this thing since it's out of tape...
YEAH... SURE... WE BELIEVE THAT!
CHEAP SPECIAL EFFECTS ENTRY SECTION
BASH!
Spunk! You have Sydork's rifle! **Shoot him!**
Give me the gun, Spunk!
Shoot him! That's an order!
I can't Captain, he's my half-brother!
Well, shoot the half that's not related!
YOUR AD HERE
#1

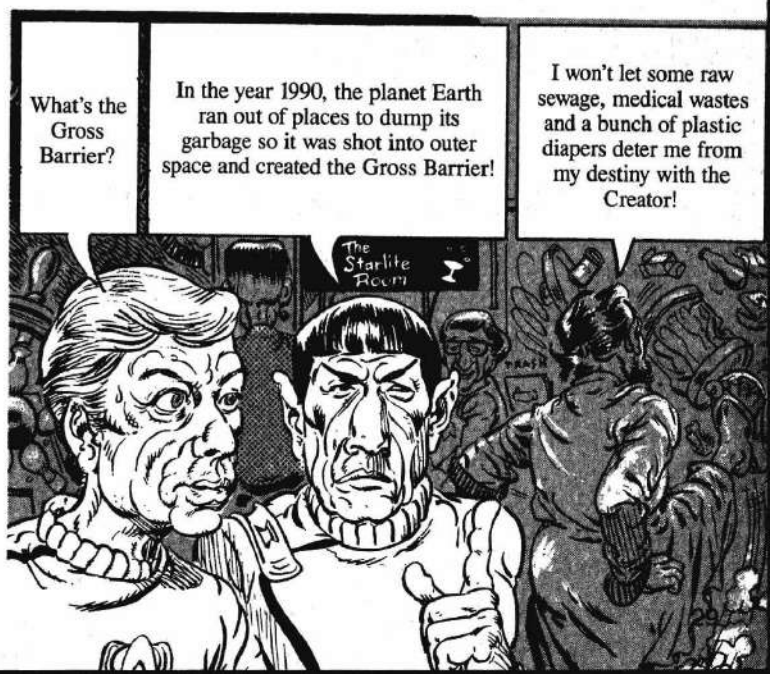

Would you like to buy some flowers?
Peace and love, Captain!
Either Sydork has brainwashed my crew or the Hare Krishnas are on board!
Swiinnng loww... Sweeet charrr-i-ott...
Spunk, shut up! Things are bad enough without you singing!
TAP TAP TAP
What's that sound?
It's an ancient form of communication known as charades!
BUNCHA HAMS!

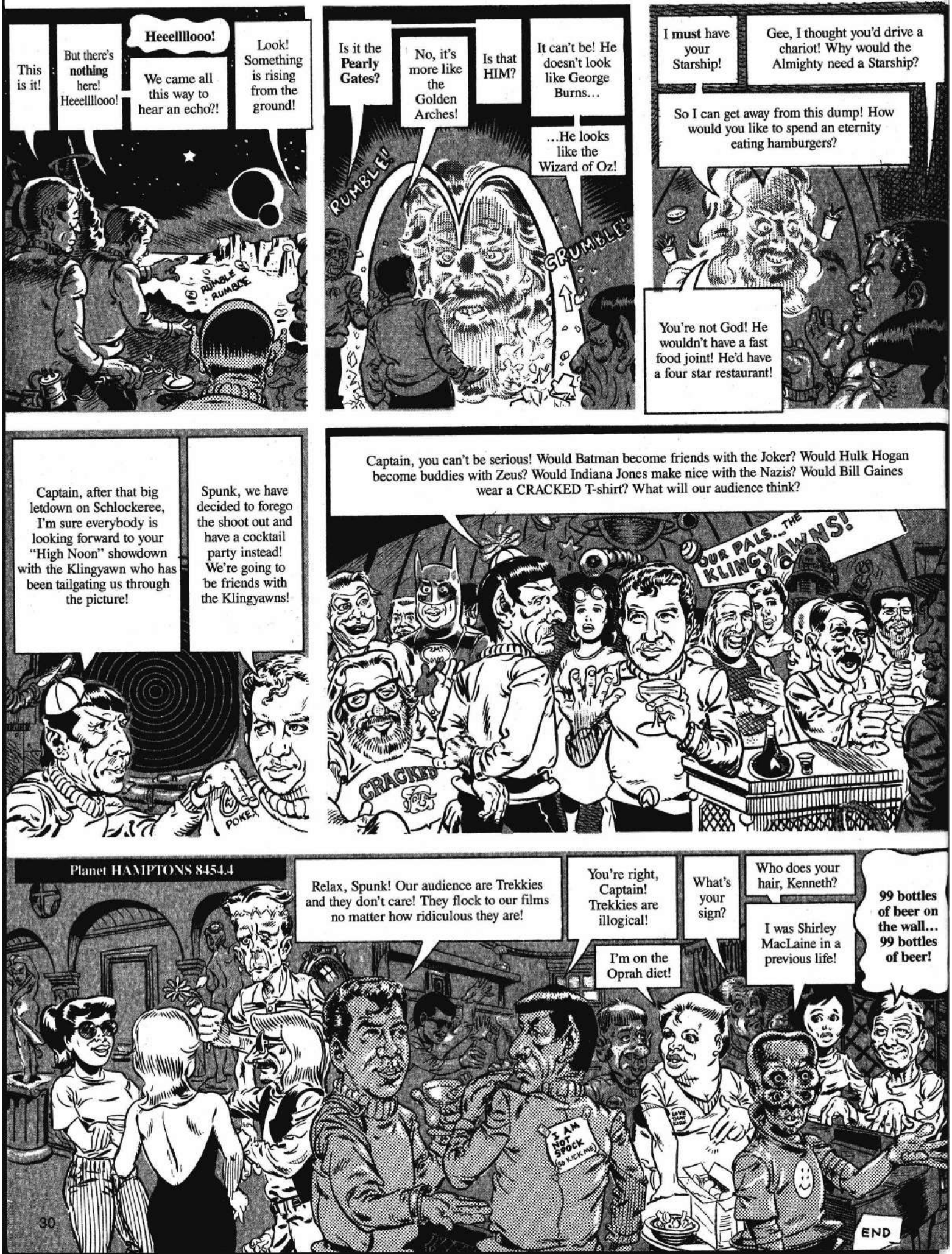

TAP TAP TAP
First word... First letter... O Second letter... P
O-P... Open?
Open... the book? Open the window?
Open the door, ye bloody fools! I told ye nothing works on this ship!


I've got to send a message to Starfleet!
There's an emergency message sender at the top of the turbo shaft!
Are you sure, Fatty?
I know this ship like the back of me bum!

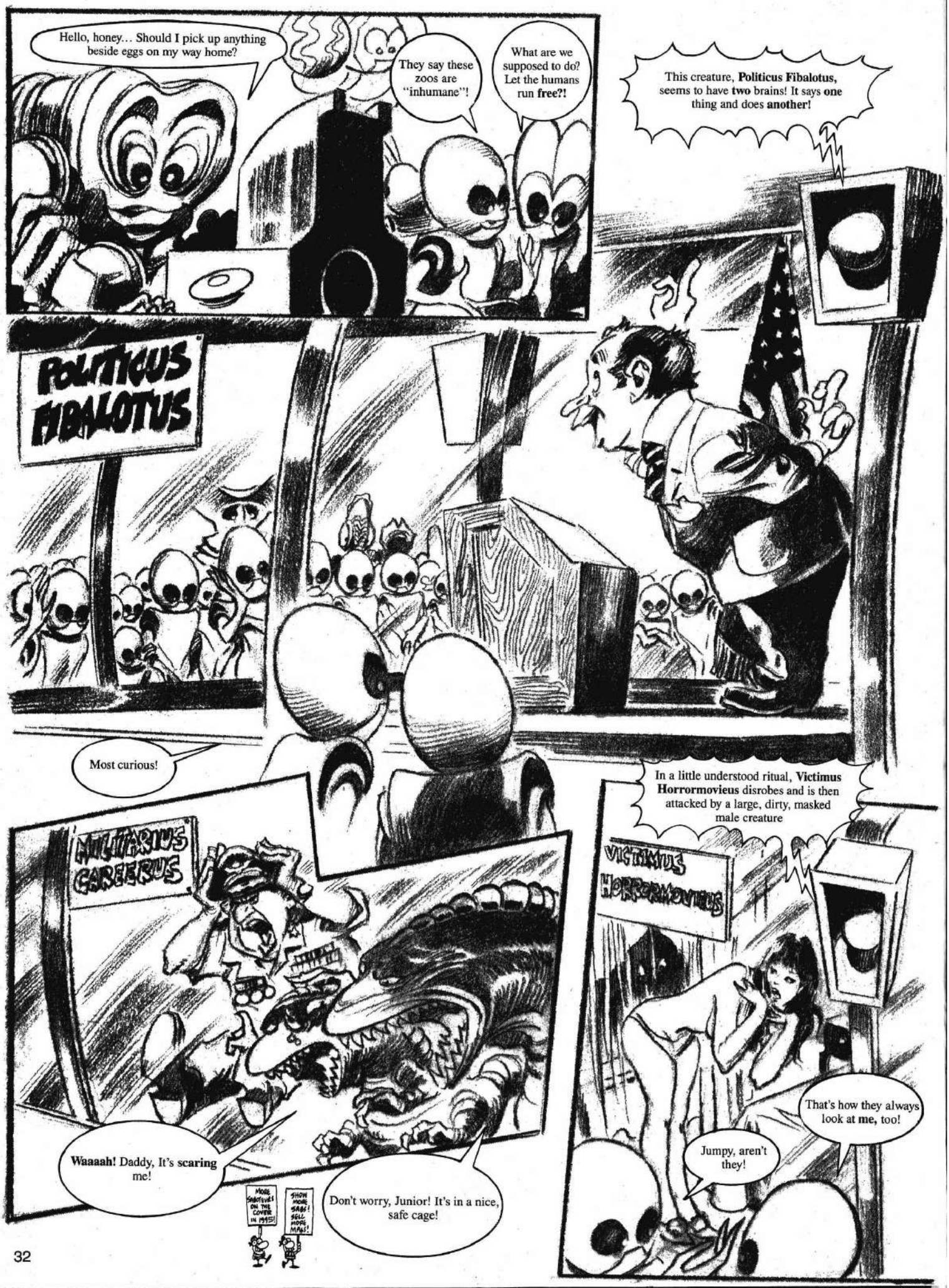
Y-Y-A-A-A-A-A-A-A
GARBAGE CHUTE

Where are you taking my ship?
We're going on the greatest journey of all time... to the center of the universe! To the planet Schlockeree, where all existence began!
You're cracked! Schlockeree is beyond the Gross Barrier! Even the Batmobile couldn't pass through it!
TRASH!
CLOTHES ENCOUNTER™ ACTION WEAR
TREK LAUNDRY HAMPER


What's the Gross Barrier?
In the year 1990, the planet Earth ran out of places to dump its garbage so it was shot into outer space and created the Gross Barrier!
I won't let some raw sewage, medical wastes and a bunch of plastic diapers deter me from my destiny with the Creator!
The Starlite Room


This is it!
But there's **nothing** here! Heeellllooo!
Heeellllooo!
We came all this way to hear an echo?!
Look! Something is rising from the ground!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
Is it the **Pearly Gates?**
No, it's more like the Golden Arches!
Is that HIM?
It can't be! He doesn't look like George Burns...
...He looks like the Wizard of Oz!
RUMBLE!
GRUMBLE!
I **must** have your Starship!
Gee, I thought you'd drive a chariot! Why would the Almighty need a Starship?
So I can get away from this dump! How would you like to spend an eternity eating hamburgers?
You're not God! He wouldn't have a fast food joint! He'd have a four star restaurant!
Captain, after that big letdown on Schlockeree, I'm sure everybody is looking forward to your "High Noon" showdown with the Klingyawn who has been tailgating us through the picture!
Spunk, we have decided to forego the shoot out and have a cocktail party instead! We're going to be friends with the Klingyawns!
POKE
Captain, you can't be serious! Would Batman become friends with the Joker? Would Hulk Hogan become buddies with Zeus? Would Indiana Jones make nice with the Nazis? Would Bill Gaines wear a CRACKED T-shirt? What will our audience think?
OUR PALS...THE KLINGYAWNS!
CRACKED
Planet HAMPTONS 84544
Relax, Spunk! Our audience are Trekkies and they don't care! They flock to our films no matter how ridiculous they are!
You're right, Captain! Trekkies are illogical!
What's your sign?
I'm on the Oprah diet!
Who does your hair, Kenneth?
I was Shirley MacLaine in a previous life!
99 bottles of beer on the wall... 99 bottles of beer!
I AM NOT SPOCK (SO KICK ME)
END

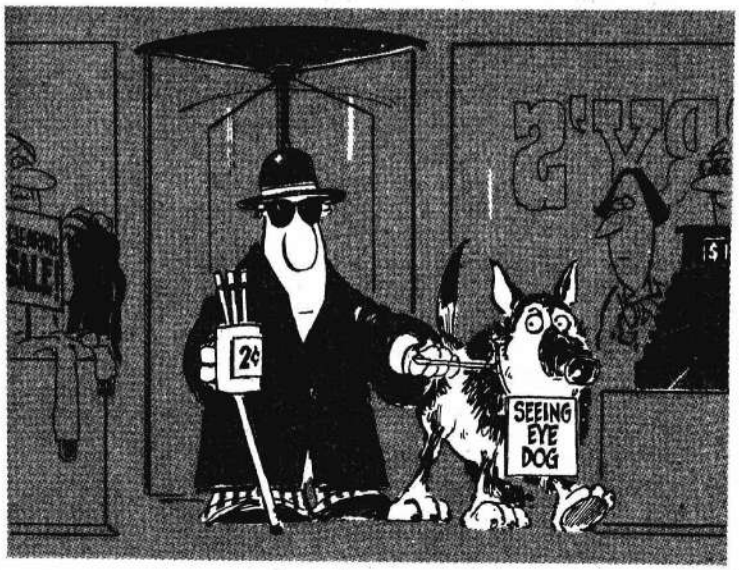
Welcome to the EARTHLING ZOO! Many different varieties of Earthlings have been assembled for your education and enjoyment! In the cases of RARE species, the originals have been replaced on Earth with robotic look-alikes. Of course, Earthlings, with their limited intelligence, could never tell the difference. The only difficulty is making a robot that is DUMB enough to portray a HUMAN!

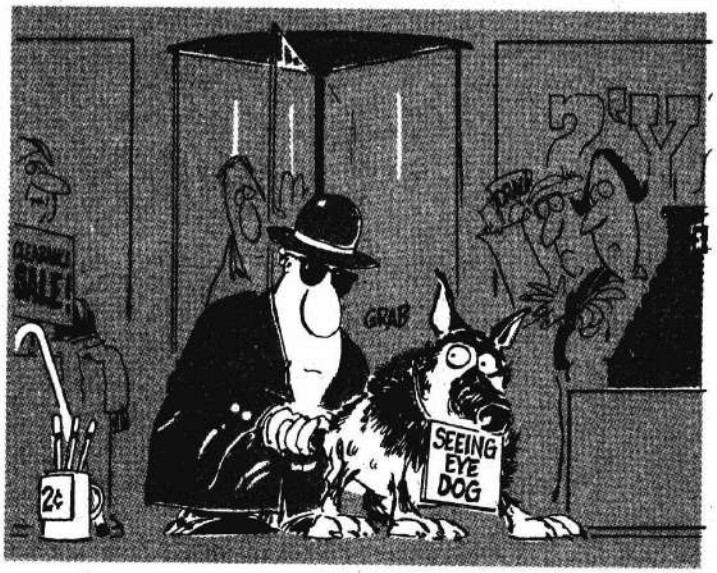

Hello, honey... Should I pick up anything beside eggs on my way home?
They say these zoos are "inhumane"!
What are we supposed to do? Let the humans run **free?!**
This creature, **Politicus Fibalotus,** seems to have **two** brains! It says **one** thing and does **another!**
POLITICUS FIBALOTUS
Most curious!
MILITARIUS CARCERIUS
Waaaah! Daddy, It's **scaring** me!
Don't worry, Junior! It's in a nice, safe cage!
In a little understood ritual, **Victimus Horrormovieus** disrobes and is then attacked by a large, dirty, masked male creature
VICTIMUS HORRORMOVIEUS
Jumpy, aren't they!
That's how they always look at **me,** too!

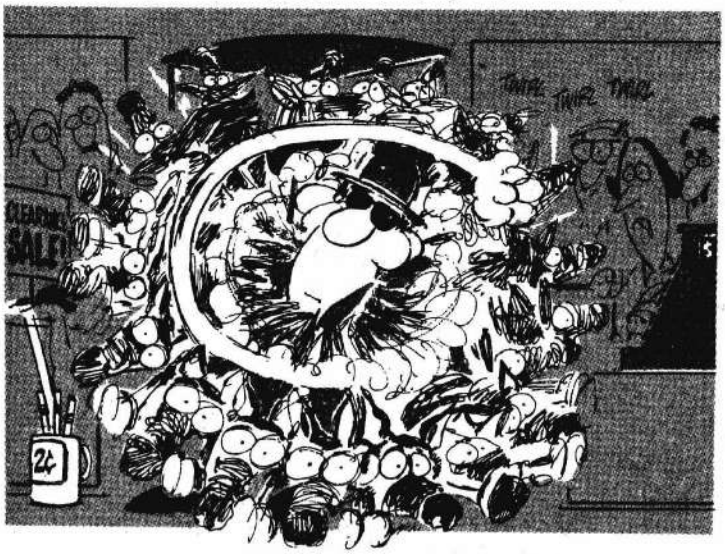
The **Preacherus Boobtuberus** sincerely believes that God wants others to give him Earth money!
PREACHERUS BOOBTUBERUS
BIBLE
It seems that creatures called **teenagers** are forced to wear clothes with holes in them and the skins of dead animals! They are then herded into large arenas and forced to listen to the older **Redundantus headbangerus,** who mimic the teens' appearance!
REDUNDANTUS HEADBANGERUS
Even I can't figure this one out!
These two specimens **appear** different, but they are not. Neither one is capable of understanding any culture except the one it lives in!
CANNIBALUS NASTYUS
WET T-SHIRT CONTEST TONITE
YUPPIEUS STUPIDUS
They all look the **same** to me!

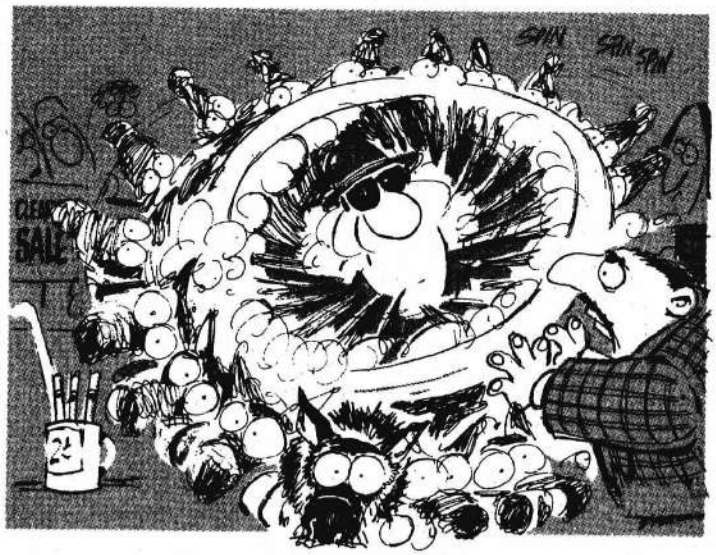
The rare **Realestatus Tycoonus** have actually convinced members of its species that it actually **owns** portions of the planet Earth, which they must **pay** to dwell on!
REALESTATUS TYCOONUS
"Fork over the rent, pal!" **Haw Haw Haw!**
The appalling **Humungous Jellybellyus** prefers only dim light. It feeds all day on non-nutritional bulk matter while a primitive form of particle transporter called a TV urges it to consume **more** and **more!**
This one reminds me of my **home planet...**
Yeah, I can feel its **gravitational pull,** too!
HUMUNGOUS JELLYBELLYUS
Here we have the pitiful **Teacherus Dimwitterus** who's only wish is to be a **field hockey coach,** but is forced to teach Earth history in order to qualify for the job!
TEACHERUS DIMWITTERUS
No! I wasn't in Coccoon!
Well, if you don't let **me** blow up that Earth soon, **they're** gonna do it to themselves first and **wreck** all the fun!
I think zoos are **cruel!**
It's **good** that we're preserving a **few...** When they become **extinct,** zoos will be the only place you can **see** a real **human!**

ONE DAY IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE



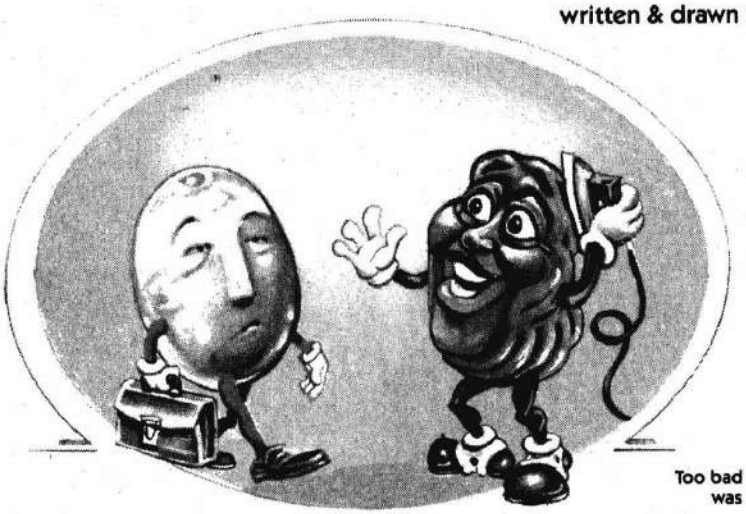




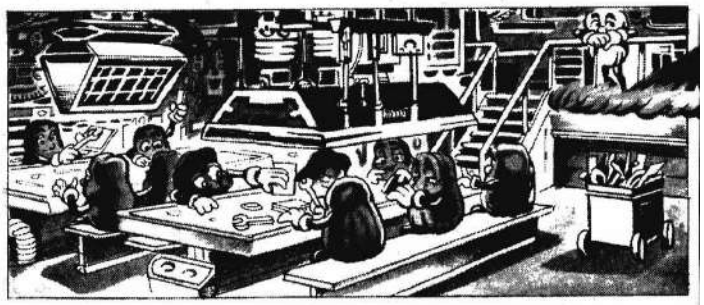


UNKNOWN FACTS ABOUT The California Raisins

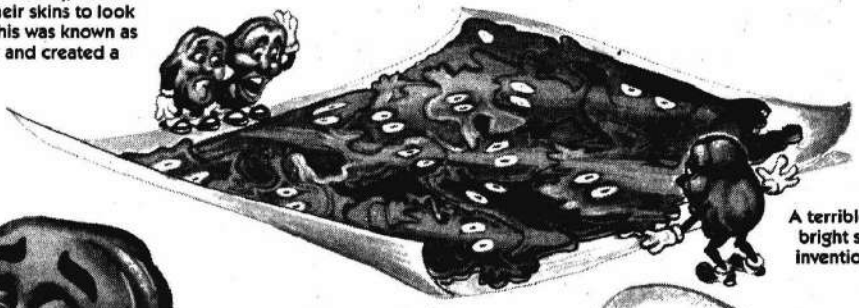
written & drawn by RURIK TYLER



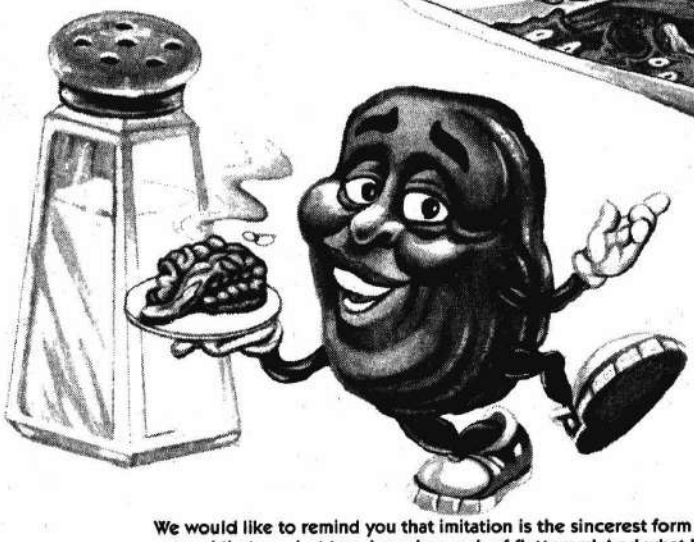
For a regrettable moment in vineyard history, raisins took to ironing the wrinkles out of their skins to look more like their grape counterparts. This was known as "passing". Passing became popular and created a booming industry!



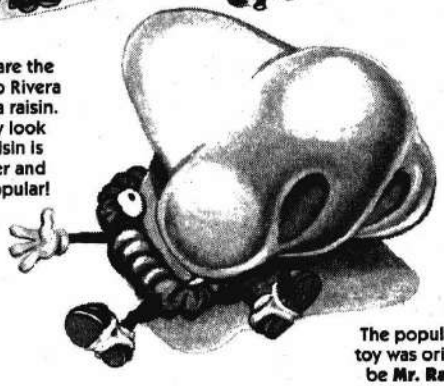
Too bad a **booming industry** is just what it became! One day there was a huge industrial explosion and the whole work force was **ironed flat!**



A terrible tragedy... But on the bright side, it did herald the invention of the **fruit roll up!**

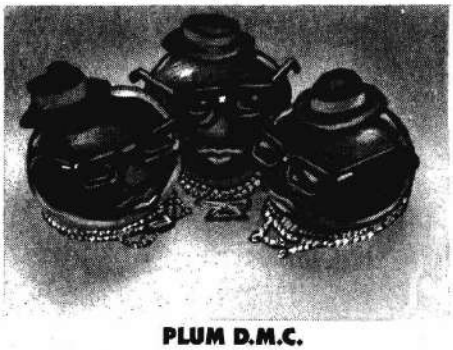


We would like to remind you that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and that **any** hot trend sparks a rash of flatterers! And what has the popularity of raisins wrought?? **HIP FOOD WANNABES!** Here are a few...



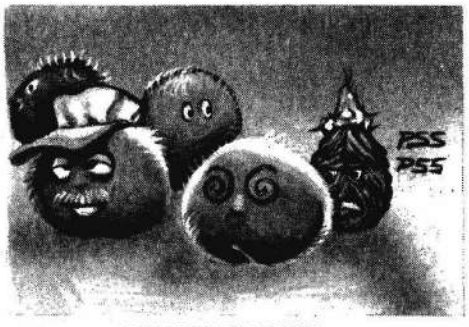
Here we compare the brain of Geraldo Rivera with a California raisin. Although they look similar, the raisin is bigger, smarter and much more popular!

The popular **Mr. Potato Head** toy was originally supposed to be **Mr. Raisin Head,** but the pieces were accidently molded too **big!**



PLUM D.M.C.

TALKING HEADS OF LETTUCE



THE PEACH BOYS

Quite an unknown fact is that for eight years the leader of the free world was a soul-singing, hand jiving purple fruit! We might've believed it of Ron, Jr., but the Gipper?! Well, it's true: **Ronald Raisin** has decided the Oval office is for squares and he's joining the line! Still don't believe it? Why do you think he retired to **California?**

DRUGS SUCK

BUMPER CARS

Also unknown to most of America is that even vineyard society must deal with the criminal element. Just as we humans must be on the lookout for the mob, raisins have to fear the **Bunch.** Here we see an unfortunate raisin about to take a dive. Poor fellow... He's really in a **jam!** Or at least, he is **about** to be!

SCHMUCKERS JAM

With a name like SCHMUCKERS it's got to be STUPID ...

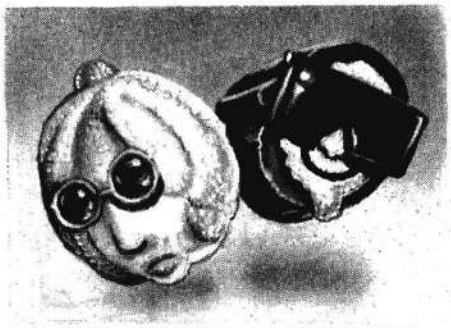
You may seal the bag.

RAISIN HOLE

SCRIPT + ART. RUSTY TYLER 89.

When raisins pass on, they are neither buried nor cremated. They are instead dipped in the finest milk chocolate and interred, several at a time, in bright festive candy-coated containers. As extravagant as this practice seems, it is fairly commonplace. The ritual is also observed by peanuts and certain ant and grasshopper clans!

FINE YOUNG CANTELOPES



JOHN LEMMON and YODEL ONO

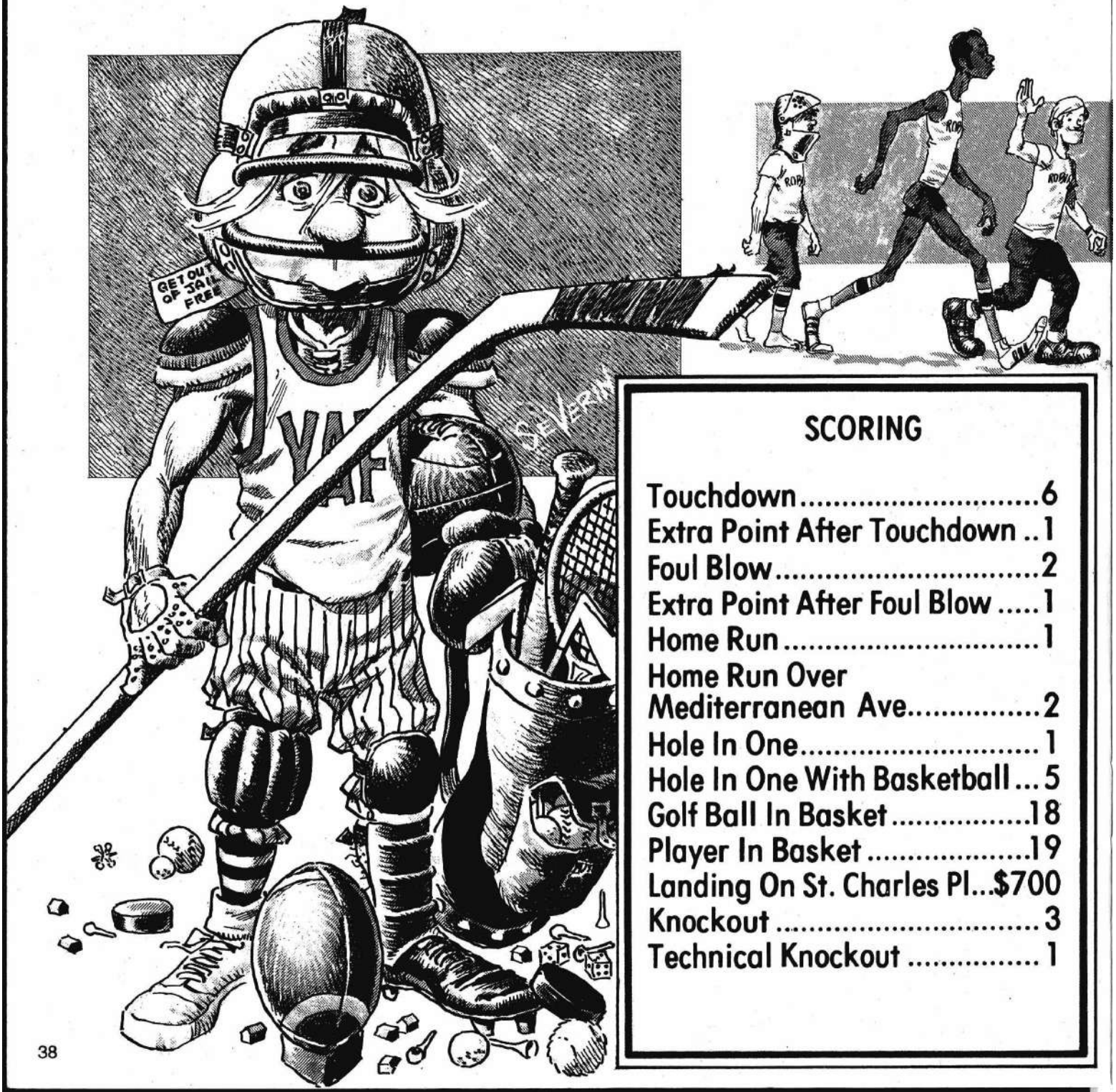
ELVIS PARSLEY

A CRACKED SPORT SPECIAL:

Official rules of a sensational new game!

America wants a pastime which embodies speed, agility, skill, coordination, daring, and primarily, plenty of bloodshed and violence. Realizing that

FOOTBOXHOCKBASET



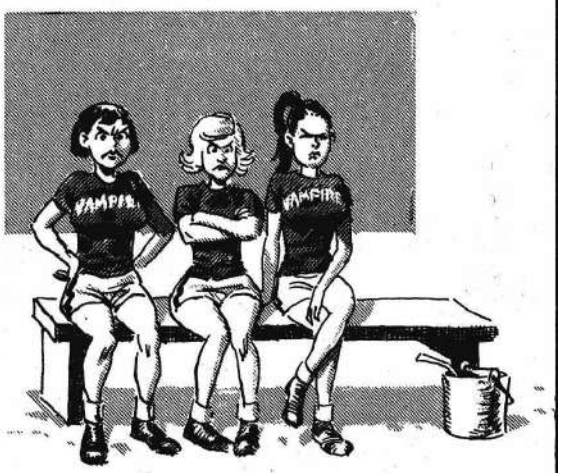
SCORING

Touchdown	6
Extra Point After Touchdown	1
Foul Blow	2
Extra Point After Foul Blow	1
Home Run	1
Home Run Over Mediterranean Ave.	2
Hole In One	1
Hole In One With Basketball	5
Golf Ball In Basket	18
Player In Basket	19
Landing On St. Charles Pl.	$700
Knockout	3
Technical Knockout	1

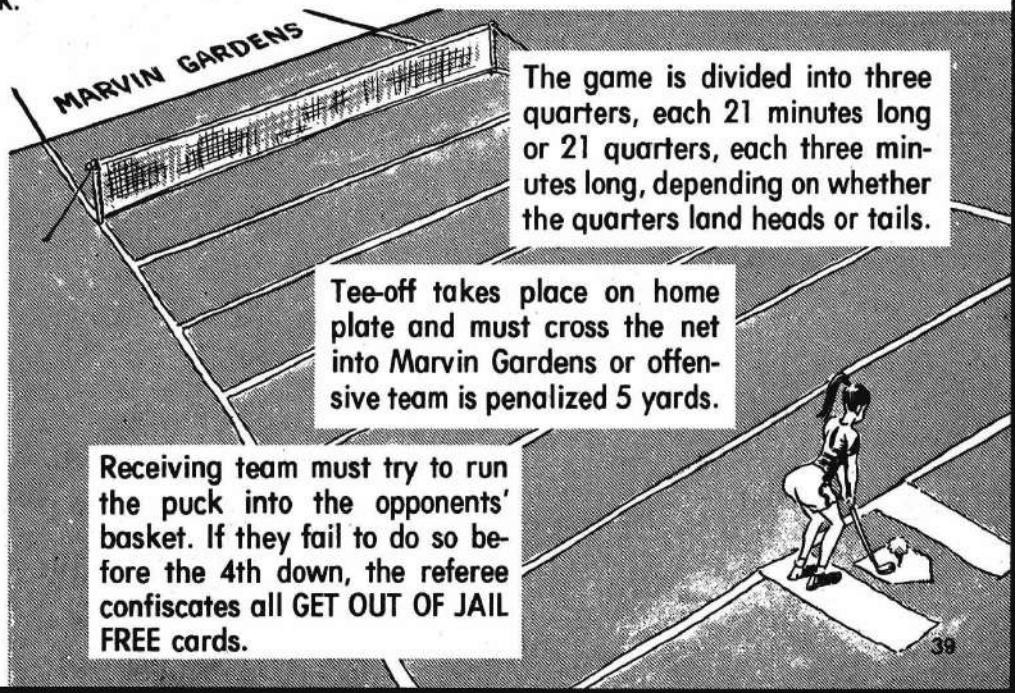
this need is no longer being met by any existing sport, CRACKED has developed an alternative—a combination of all the best features of America's favorite games. Turn the page (NOT YET!—read the rest of these two pages first, dummy!) for a preview of what you'll be watching next season.

ENNBASKETGOLFPOLY

Teams consist of either 17 men or three militant women.



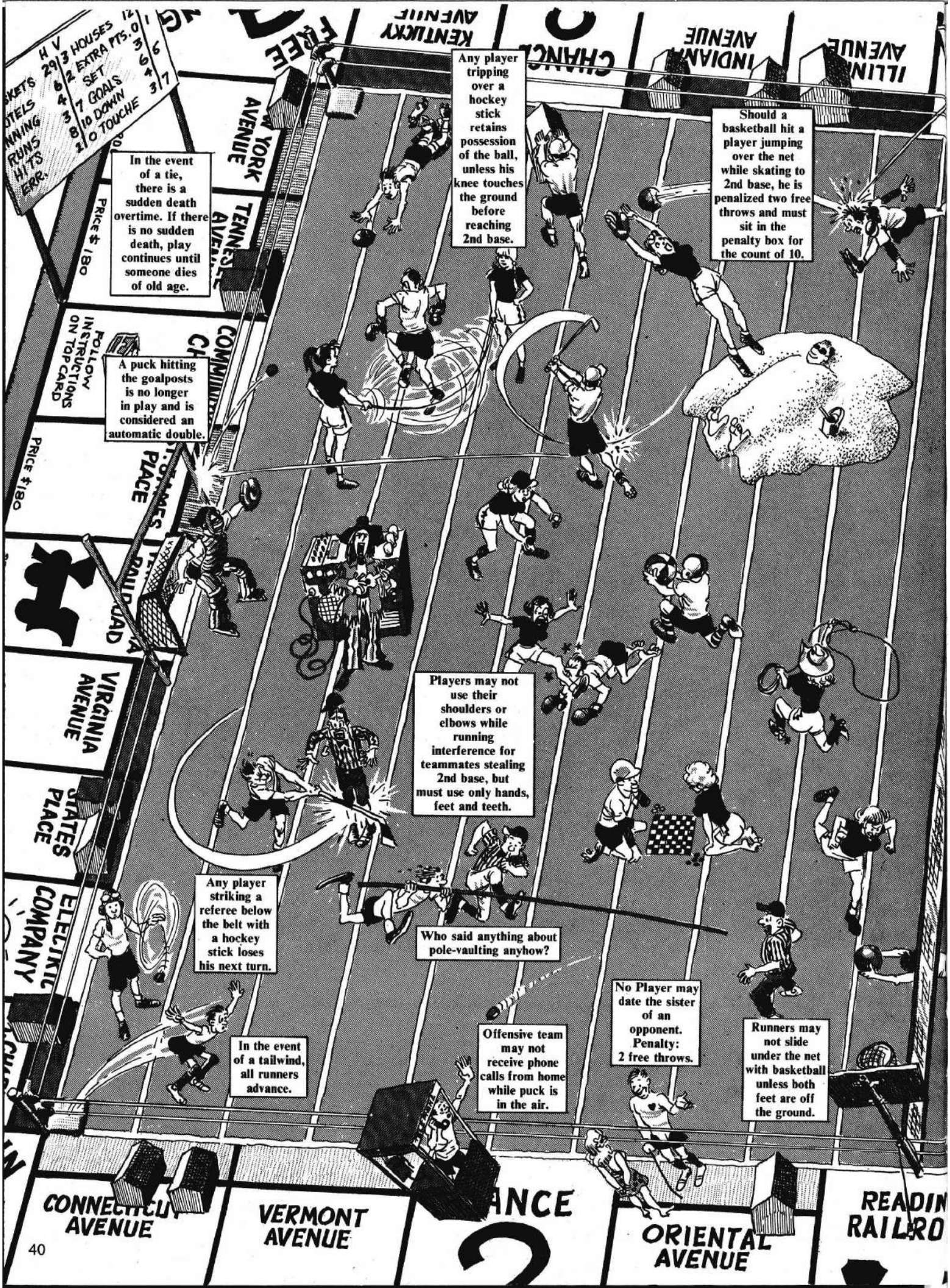
Teams flip baseball bubble gum card to determine which side serves the puck.

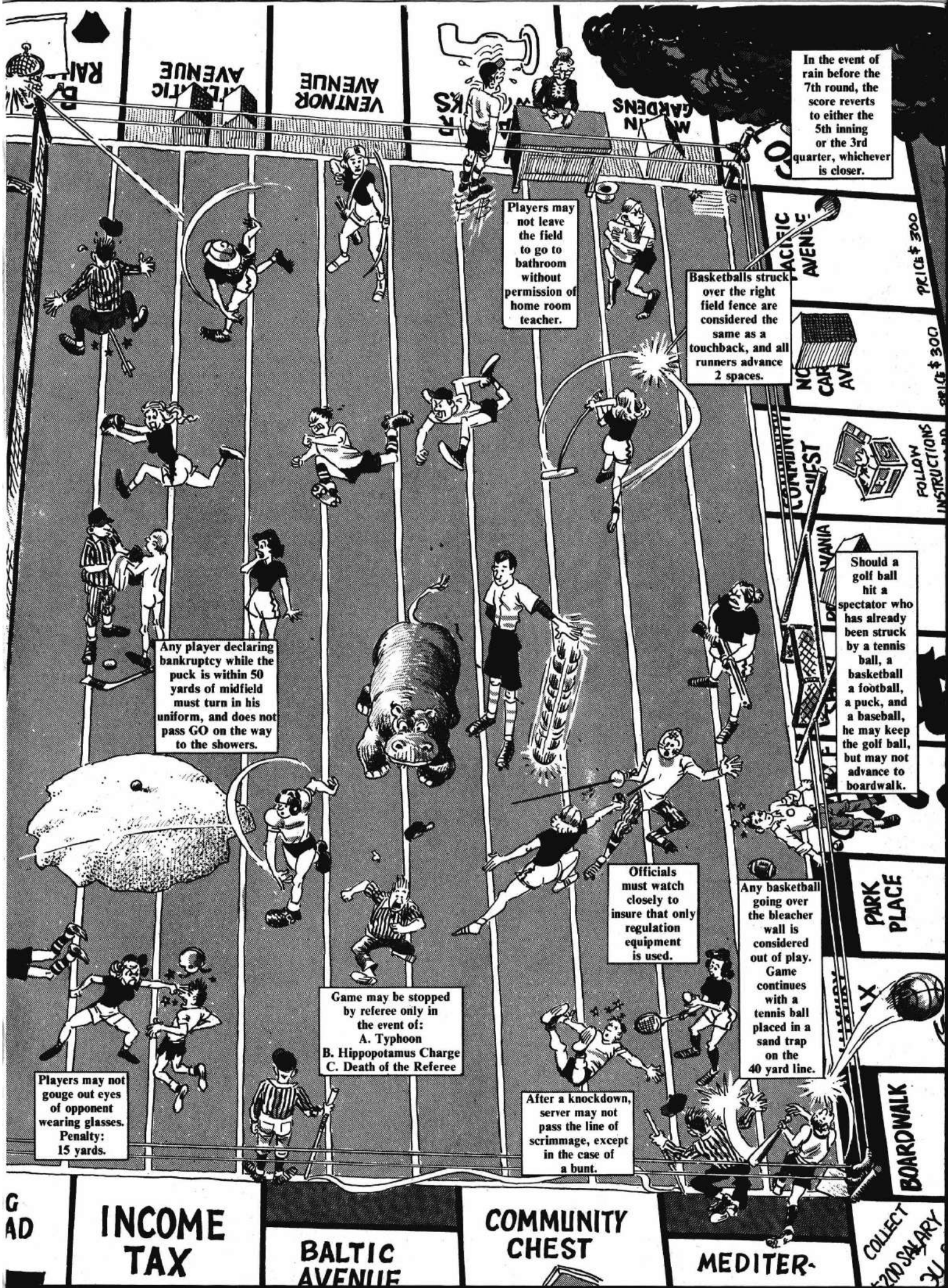


The game is divided into three quarters, each 21 minutes long or 21 quarters, each three minutes long, depending on whether the quarters land heads or tails.

Tee-off takes place on home plate and must cross the net into Marvin Gardens or offensive team is penalized 5 yards.

Receiving team must try to run the puck into the opponents' basket. If they fail to do so before the 4th down, the referee confiscates all GET OUT OF JAIL FREE cards.

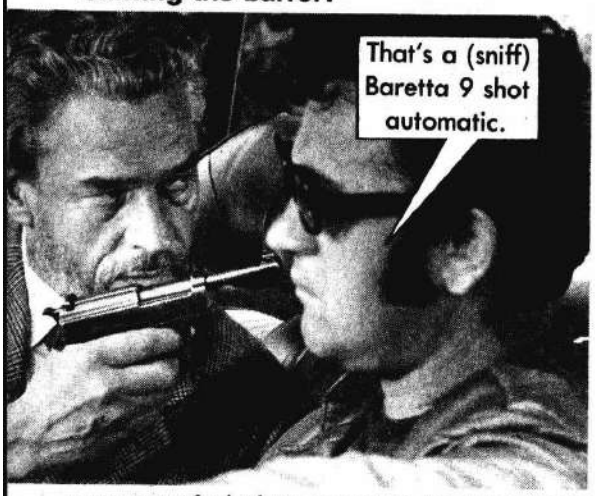

In the event of a tie, there is a sudden death overtime. If there is no sudden death, play continues until someone dies of old age.
Any player tripping over a hockey stick retains possession of the ball, unless his knee touches the ground before reaching 2nd base.
Should a basketball hit a player jumping over the net while skating to 2nd base, he is penalized two free throws and must sit in the penalty box for the count of 10.
A puck hitting the goalposts is no longer in play and is considered an automatic double.
Players may not use their shoulders or elbows while running interference for teammates stealing 2nd base, but must use only hands, feet and teeth.
Any player striking a referee below the belt with a hockey stick loses his next turn.
Who said anything about pole-vaulting anyhow?
No Player may date the sister of an opponent. Penalty: 2 free throws.
Offensive team may not receive phone calls from home while puck is in the air.
Runners may not slide under the net with basketball unless both feet are off the ground.
In the event of a tailwind, all runners advance.
H V
29 3 HOUSES 12 1
6 2 EXTRA PTS. 0 3
4 SET 6
3 7 GOALS 6 4
8 10 DOWN 3 7
2 0 TOUCHE
PRICE $180
PRICE $180
FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS ON TOP CARD
VIRGINIA AVENUE
STATES PLACE
ELECTRIC COMPANY
CONNECTICUT AVENUE
VERMONT AVENUE
ORIENTAL AVENUE


In the event of rain before the 7th round, the score reverts to either the 5th inning or the 3rd quarter, whichever is closer.
Players may not leave the field to go to bathroom without permission of home room teacher.
Basketballs struck over the right field fence are considered the same as a touchback, and all runners advance 2 spaces.
Should a golf ball hit a spectator who has already been struck by a tennis ball, a basketball a football, a puck, and a baseball, he may keep the golf ball, but may not advance to boardwalk.
Any player declaring bankruptcy while the puck is within 50 yards of midfield must turn in his uniform, and does not pass GO on the way to the showers.
Officials must watch closely to insure that only regulation equipment is used.
Any basketball going over the bleacher wall is considered out of play. Game continues with a tennis ball placed in a sand trap on the 40 yard line.
Game may be stopped by referee only in the event of:
A. Typhoon
B. Hippopotamus Charge
C. Death of the Referee
Players may not gouge out eyes of opponent wearing glasses. Penalty: 15 yards.
After a knockdown, server may not pass the line of scrimmage, except in the case of a bunt.
PARK PLACE
BOARDWALK
INCOME TAX
BALTIC AVENUE
COMMUNITY CHEST
MEDITER-
VENTNOR AVENUE
PRICE $300
FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS

The hottest thing in the toy market these days are trivia games. But many people don't do well at this type of board game because they don't have a good mind for obscure facts. But take heart! Your favorite humor magazine—the one in your hand—is coming to your rescue once again. The next time you play Trivial Pursuit we guarantee you'll do much better if you just memorize all of

CRACKED'S LITTLE KNOWN TRIVIA FACTS

Who is the only man capable, with his eyes closed, of telling someone what type of gun they are holding just by sniffing the barrel?



Answer: Ben Bullet of Wopapay, Missouri

Name the only two men to regularly clean their clothes in the Colorado River while still wearing them instead of using the convenience of a washing machine?

Answer: Zeke Zeller and Bernie Maytag of Colorado Springs.

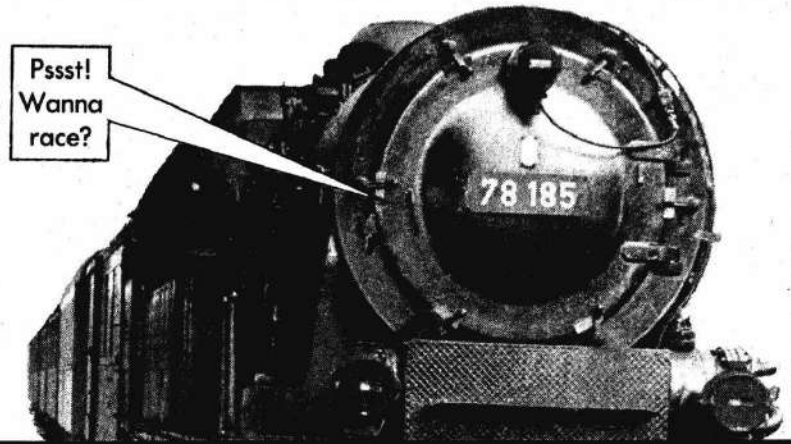
Name the only man to win the Indianapolis 500 with the top of his head glued to the car's windshield for the entire race?

Answer: Elmer Andretti

Name the only rock singer to perform every one of his hits in one evening without parting his teeth once!

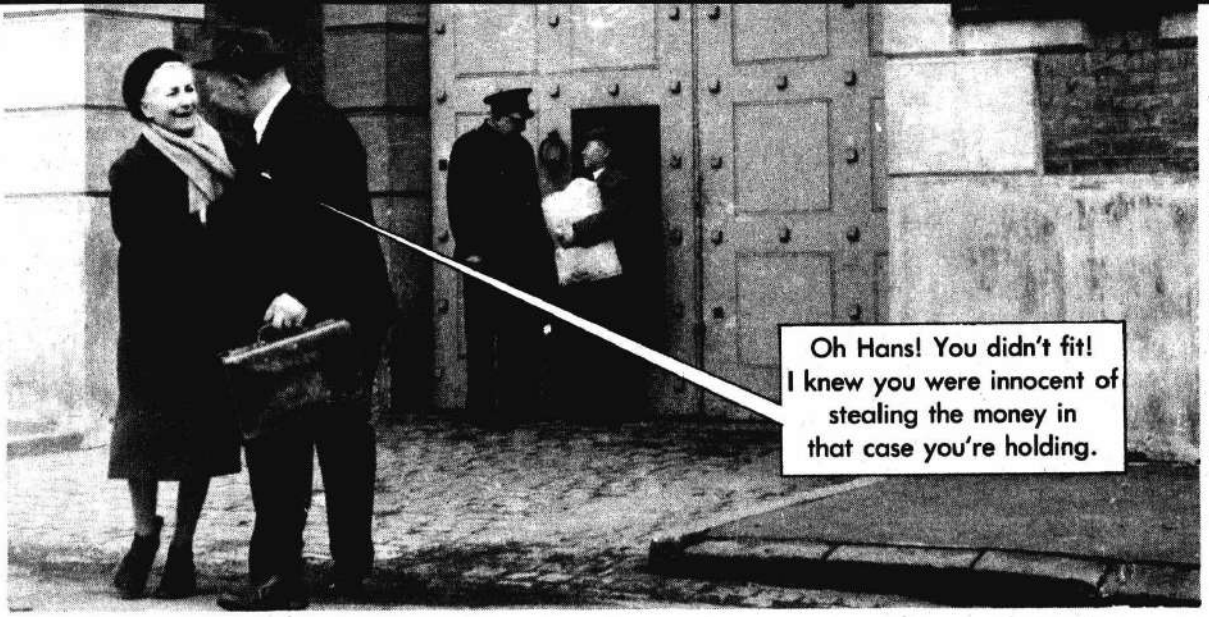
Answer: Johnny Bicuspid

Where is the world's only talking train located?



Answer: Brotwurst, Germany

Which city determines if a man is innocent or guilty of a crime by whether or not he fits through the prison's front door?

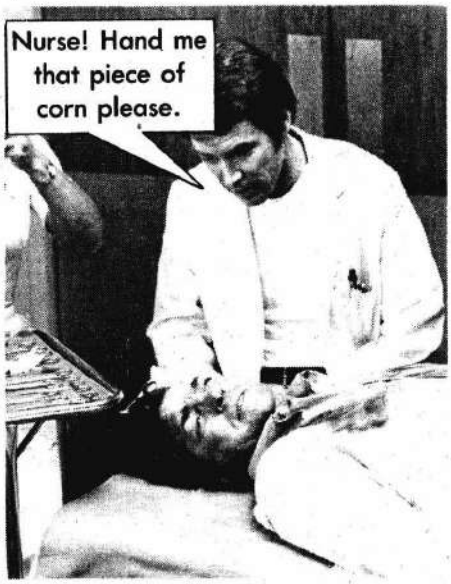


Answer: Springfield, England

Which U.S. politician believed he could get people to vote for him by sneezing straight into their faces?

Answer: Victor A. Schoo (He lost 2,000,000 votes to 6).

Which doctor successfully completed the first *ear* transplant?



Answer: Dr. Potato Head

Who stayed up 1148 consecutive hours so he could watch his uncle's suit go out of style?

Answer: Sal Soon

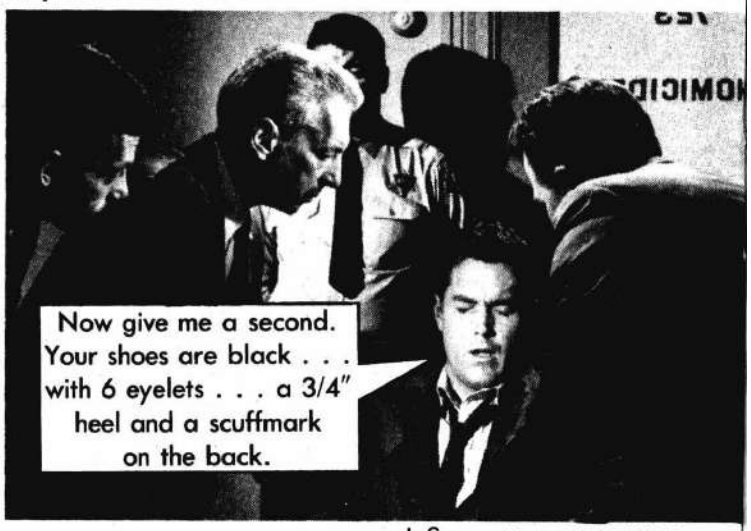
Who were the only two *white* singers to audition for Diana Ross and the Supremes?

Answer: Anna Meairsamessa and David Braincowsky in 1964.

Which U.S. Senator used to insist that he wasn't going bald, but was merely parting his hair a little wider?

Answer: Senator Frederick Follicle of Iowa

Identify the only man ever to memorize every pair of shoes worn by the men of the L.A. Police Department.



Answer: Alfred Wingtip

Who was the only publisher ever to try and market a book with all 1017 pages bound in the *wrong order*?

Answer: Simon Schuster

Who made the world's worst meat loaf?

Answer: Julia Parents of Tomaine, North Dakota

Which famous producer used to pay his leading ladies with apples instead of cash?

Answer: David McIntosh

What man believed he could eliminate headaches by squeezing them from a person's head?

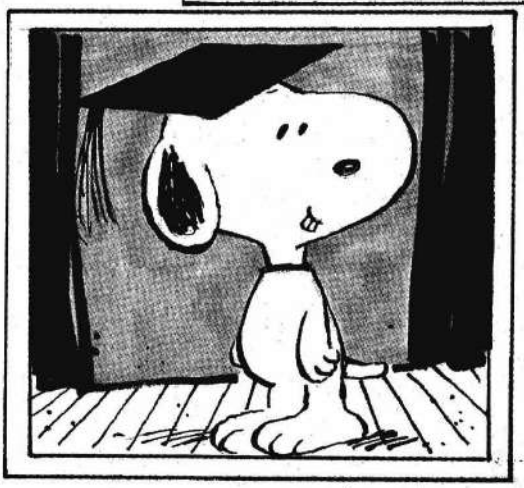
Answer: Tex Cedrin

Where do your favorite cartoon characters go when they want to cut loose? Here are some snapshots of them at their favorite hot spots.

LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS TOONS

PIG OUT WITH HAGAR AND DAGWOOD

HANG OUT WITH THE FAMOUS FELINES AT THE KIT KAT KLUB



SNOOPY GRADUATES! (FINALLY, HE'S ONLY 34)

WRITER: STEVE STRANGIO
ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

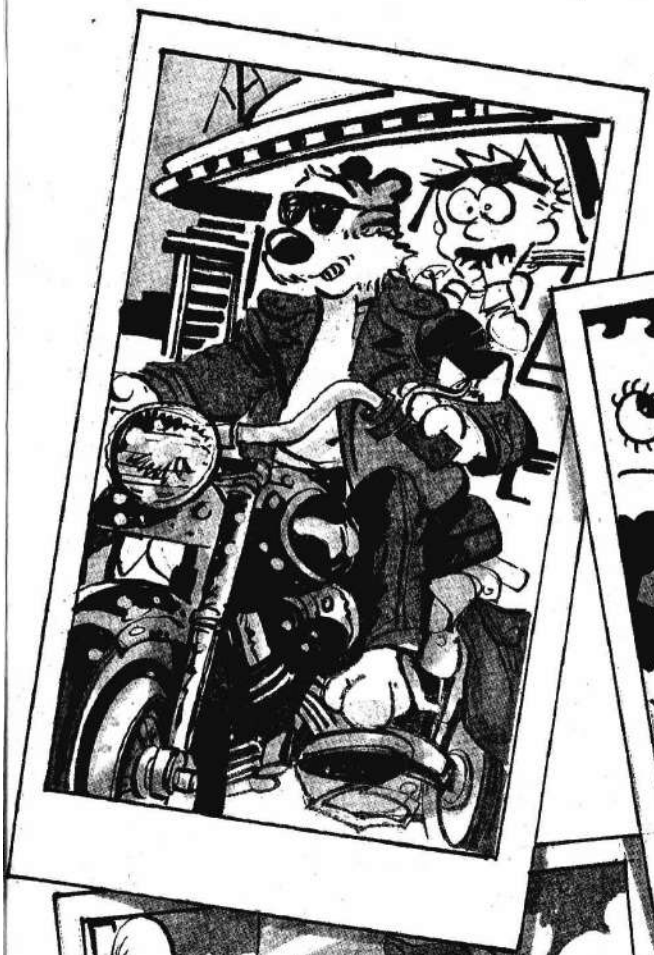
TAS-MANIAC: The Tasmanian Devil gives break-dancing a whole new meaning at the hip new disco **SNOBB.**

WHAT A CATCH!: The Little Mermaid attends the premiere of "Prince Of Tides" with an unidentified escort.

THE CAPPS OUT OF THE BAG! Andy Capp confirms persistent rumors about his missing cranium. Donations are now being accepted for a skull graft.

ONE SMART PUPPY: Snoopy graduates **MAGNA CUM CANINE** from Rover University.

HUNGRY HAGAR: Hagar the Horrible always likes to indulge in an in-between-meal snack with his perpetually famished friend, Dagwood.



COOL TOONS: Calvin and Hobbes hang out during one of their motorcycle rallies.

THE ZIGSTER: Ziggy, looking dapper in a suit and tie, is snapped holding hands with a hot babe.

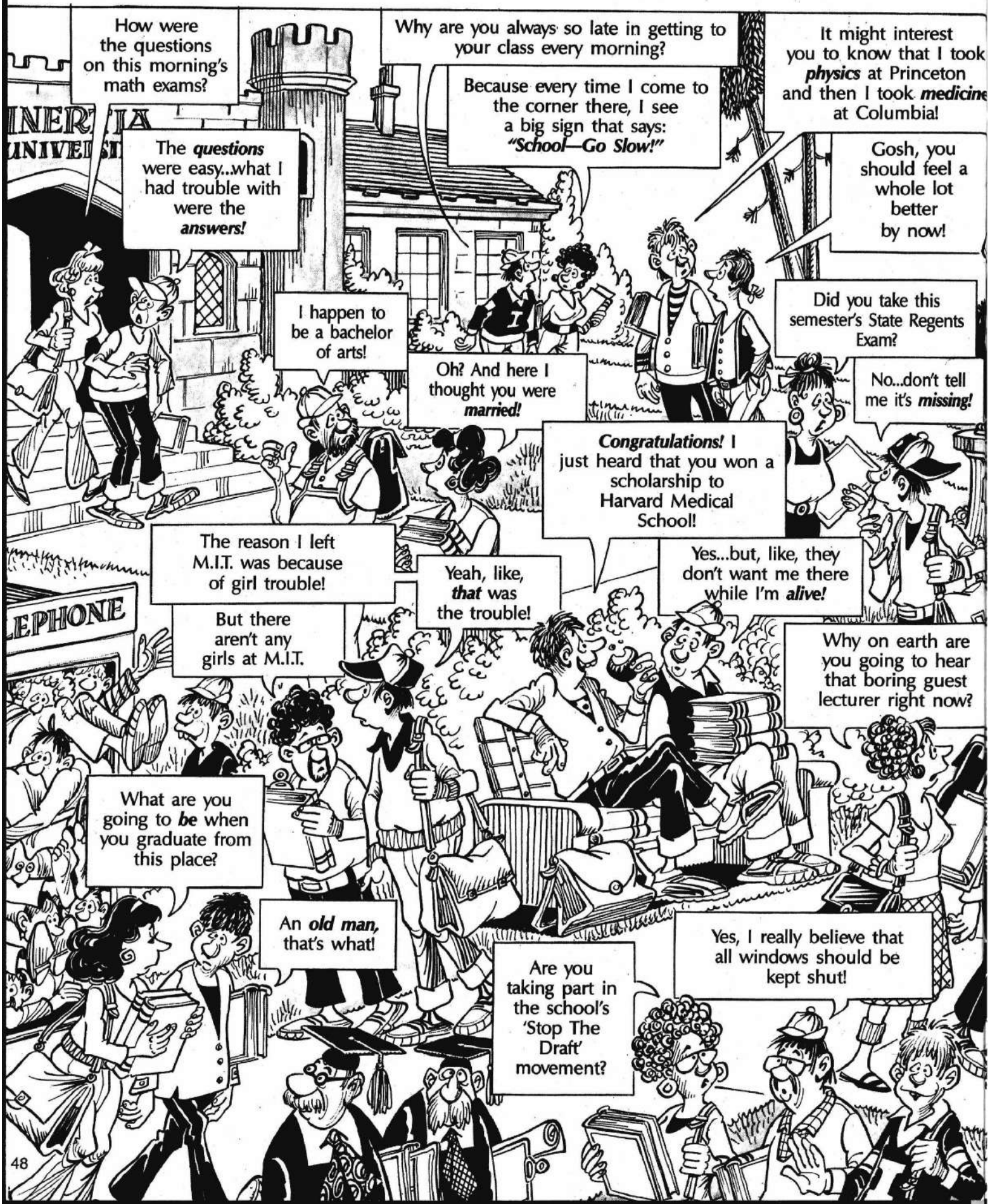
OOPS!: Looks like Brenda Starr forgot to put on her makeup today. Will Basil St. John put a patch over his *other* eye?

ROGER GOOFS: Roger and Jessica Rabbit at a carnival, making an impact on Goofy. Rushed to St. Walt's Hospital for Injured Toons, Goofy is reported to be in satisfactory condition.

MEOW WOW!: Garfield, Heathcliff, and Tom the Cat toast their health with shots of catnip at the Kit Kat Klub.

Time now for a change of pace. Mainly, here's something educational to balance out the drivel we've given you so far. So get on your thinking caps and come along with us, as we now take...

A CRACK



Attention World: Smokey the Bear just burned down a forest for the insurance...

LOOK AT A COLLEGE CAMPUS

Hi, **I'm Howard Sternum,** DJ, TV star and superstud. I'm pinchhitting for my buddy Pee Wee, who was suffering from overexposure. Anyway, we're here in Washington, D.C., Perk City, to do an interview. I was going to let Stuttering John do it but there aren't enough p...p...pages in this magazine.

Ha ha! Ha ha! If you haven't already guessed, I'm Rubbin, Howard's human laugh track. Join us as we talk with the Hon. Plunder N. Senile who has been chosen...

CRACKED SENATOR OF THE YEAR

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

Honorable...man, that's probably the funniest thing that's gonna be in this article. Senator, who are all these babes?

This is my dedicated staff, they help me serve my public.

My job is to see that the Senator's rug is on straight when he goes on TV.

Ah got an **important job,** too, I walk the Senator's dog.

Big deal! My job is to...

Now, Lulubelle, these good folks ain't interested in what you do.

I am.

This is a family type magazine, Howard.

Senator, who picks up the tab for these chicks?

You taxpayers ...who else?

TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA...

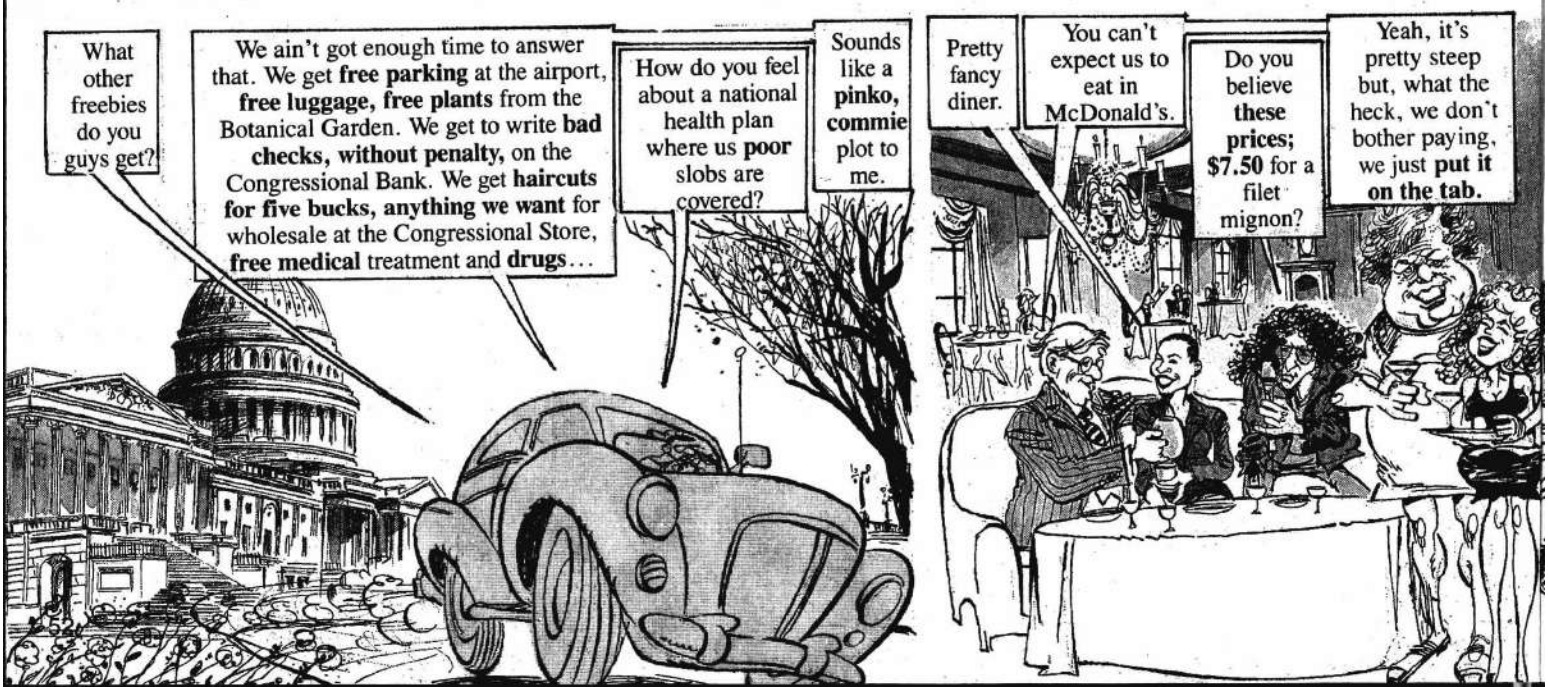
WALTER JAMES BROGAN

OFFICIAL OLYMPIC SPOOF OF THE 1992 OLYMPICS

Do you have any relatives on your payroll?
That wouldn't be ethical. I hire another Senator's relatives and he hires mine; now, that's ethical. And I should know, **I'm Chairman of the Ethics Committee.**
He's **funnier** than you, Howard! **Ha ha!!**
What does the Ethics Committee do?
Here, I'll show you. I was caught, I mean, **unjustly charged,** with a conflict of interest.
U.S.A! USA! U.S.A! U.S.A! U.S.A!!
Senator, you are charged with awarding a large government contract to one of your major contributors.
By George, that's just a coincidence!
Would you believe the same thing happened to me?
I move that we drop the charges against our Honorable buddy.
So say we all!
No wonder you guys meet behind closed doors.
Well, Howard, as the good book says, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."
You're saying you have **enough dirt** on all those guys to **bury them?**
You got that right.
Gimme a **million dollars** worth of stamps.
POST OFFICE
I heard you spent a **million bucks** of taxpayers' money, telling your constituents you beat the rap.
I'm a busy man, Howard I can't spend all day waiting in line at the Post Office.

The polls show that people want some form of gun control but you guys **always** vote against it.
Howard, folks tend to get a mite hysterical every time some kook knocks off a few dozen people, but most gun owners, like myself, are **decent, law-abiding** citizens. I like to do a bit of hunting with my favorite weapon.
Man, what do you hunt? **Dinosaurs?**
KAPOW!
ZOOM
I'm gonna take you folks on the **grand tour.**
You mean the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial?
That junk is for the tourists! I'll show you the **real** Washington.
CRACKED

This is the Congressional gym and it **ain't** free. By George, it costs us **fifty bucks!**
For a day? A week? A month?
No, a year! Hey, we only make a lousy **$125,000** a year.
Is **she** included in the fifty bucks deal?
You better believe it. Honey, a little lower… ah, that feels good!
Am I in the **wrong** racket!

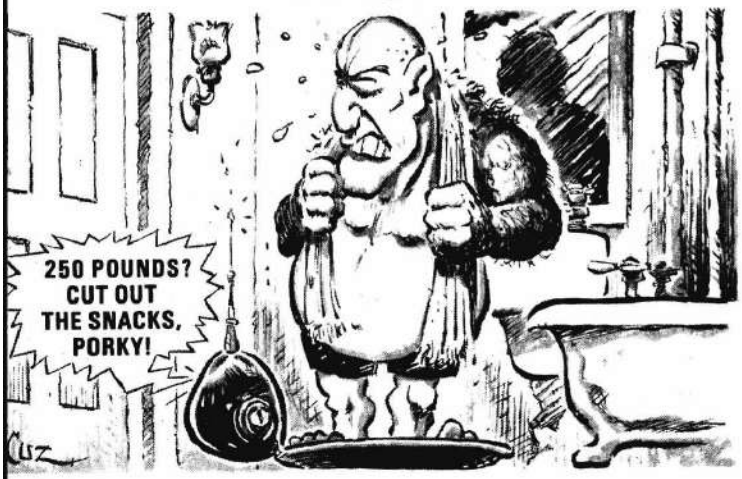

What other freebies do you guys get?
We ain't got enough time to answer that. We get **free parking** at the airport, **free luggage, free plants** from the Botanical Garden. We get to write **bad checks, without penalty,** on the Congressional Bank. We get **haircuts for five bucks, anything we want** for wholesale at the Congressional Store, **free medical** treatment and **drugs**…
How do you feel about a national health plan where us **poor** slobs are covered?
Sounds like a **pinko, commie** plot to me.
Pretty fancy diner.
You can't expect us to eat in McDonald's.
Do you believe **these prices; $7.50** for a filet mignon?
Yeah, it's pretty steep but, what the heck, we don't bother paying, we just **put it on the tab.**

And they say there's no such thing as a **free lunch.**
And don't forget, **dinner** and **breakfast,** too. Senator, how come you miss so many roll call votes?
I show up for the **important** stuff, like that midnight vote to give ourselves a hefty raise.
Do you travel much at taxpayers expense?
It's part of my job to go on fact finding missions.
So, you go to the trouble spots of the world?
No, to the warm spots. I **hate** the Washington winters!
I'm leaving on a little trip to Tahiti. Usually, I use an Air Force plane but some manufacturer is kind enough to fly me and my party for free, aboard their corporate jet. They're also paying me to give a speech.
How come they're so good to you?
They must like my speeches...
It has nothing to do with the fact that there's a bill before my committee that could **cost them a fortune,** unless I vote to kill it.
Man, in my business we call that **payola** and it **ain't legal!**
Right, payoffs are against the law but this is **PAC money** and **it's perfectly legal.**
What do you do with all the money you receive?
I use it for my reelection campaign. So far, I've collected **five million.**
What happens to any money left over?
Guess **who** gets to keep it? Don't blame me; it's the law of the land.
Who passed that **stupid** law?
Congress, who else? Ha ha.
What do you think about the movement to limit you guys to two terms?
If the voters knew we collect over **a million and a half** in retirement benefits, they wouldn't be so anxious to expel us. **Seriously,** the American people would be the **real losers** if they put a limit on our terms. How would they attract **honest, hard-working, decent** representatives?
Name one...
Me.
One last question. What, in your opinion, is the most important job you have as a U.S. senator?
That's easy...**gettin' reelected.** Come on, girls, wave bye bye to Howard.
This is Howard Sternum, signing off, for Cracked Magazine.

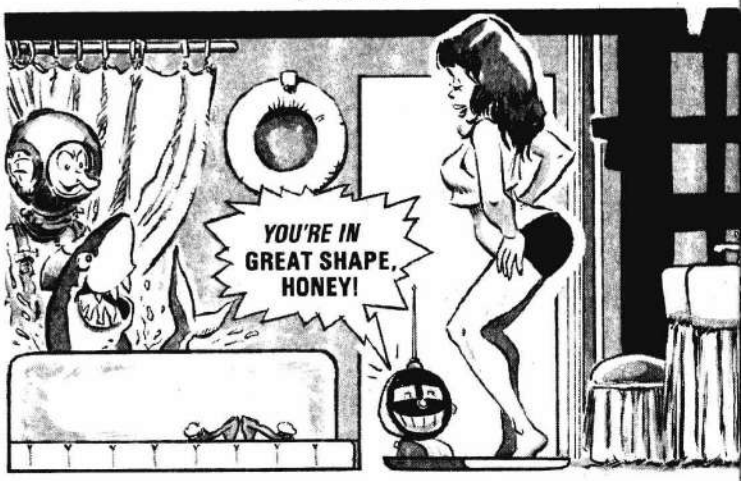
Let's face it! We are living in a full computer age. Computers are starting to do everything—some even beginning to talk.

TALKING COMPUTER

TALKING COMPUTERIZED SCALES will not only give you your weight, but also insult you if you're overweight...



...and if you're dieting and lose some pounds, the talking scale will compliment you on your fine progress...



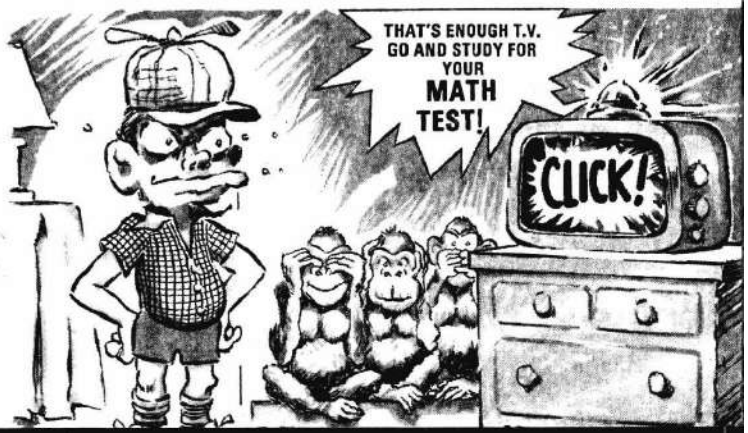
TALKING COMPUTERIZED CARS will help keep you awake late at night, by making conversation as you're out driving...

...the only drawback is, you'll always have a backseat driver with you despite the fact that you're alone...

ORNITHOLOGY IS FOR THE BIRDS!

TALKING COMPUTERIZED TV SETS will be a learning experience, as they can tell youngsters exactly what to do...

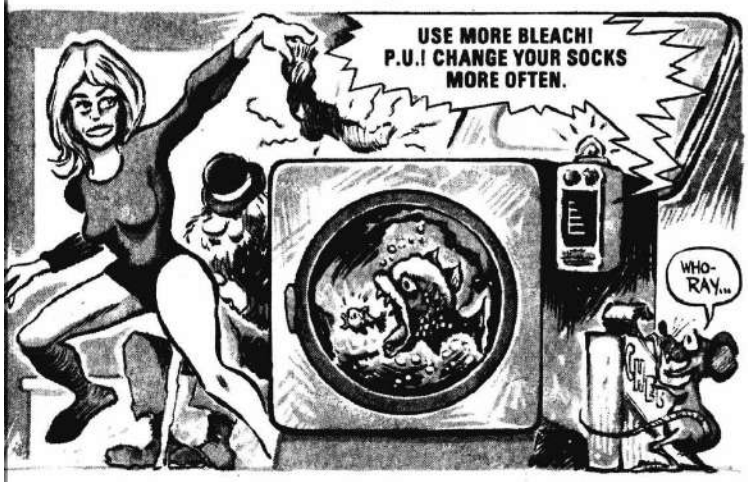
...the problem here is that these TV sets will also be programmed to act just like your parents...



Yes, talking computers are a thing of the near future. And so, CRACKED now presents some practical ideas for...

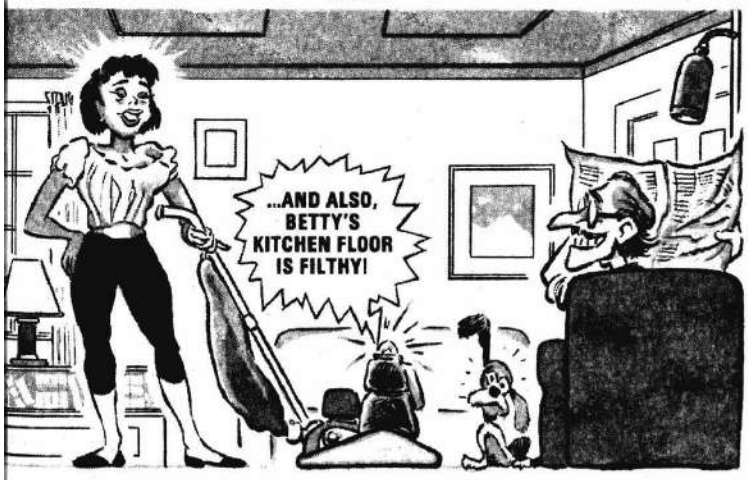
DEVICES OF TOMORROW

TALKING WASHING MACHINES will make wash day that much easier by making comments on all your laundry...



TALKING KITCHEN OVENS will help inexperienced young cooks by clueing them in on all the good recipes...

TALKING VACUUM CLEANERS will take the boredom out of housework by gossiping with you as it picks up dirt...



TALKING WRIST WATCHES will help businessmen deal with all the exacting schedules in the course of a day...

CITY SCHOOLS CAUSE BRAIN DAMAGE!

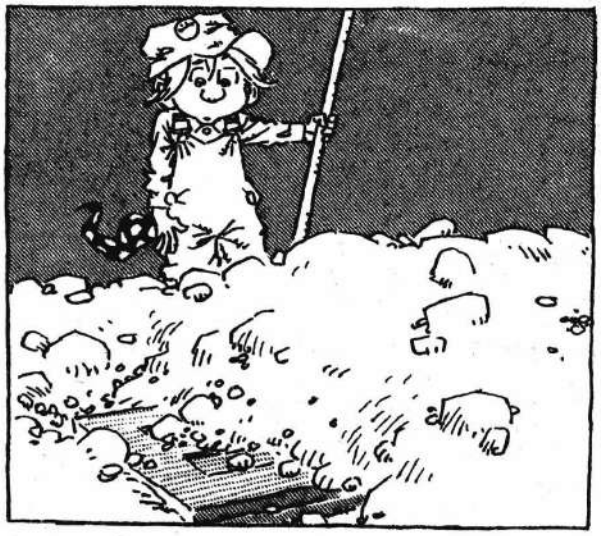
TALKING GARBAGE DISPOSALS will certainly aid conservation efforts by going after the litterbugs...

TALKING SHOPPING CARTS will prove a big help to consumers by pointing out the sales of the day...

See the mushroom cloud.
There has been a nuclear war.
Is this the end of the world?
Of course not.
Your government has made plans for such an event.
Really!
Just read this CRACKED PRIMER!
Yes. Read, read, read the...

Crack Survival

See Sylvester.
He is trying to take off the door.
As Under-Secretary of Defense said,
"To survive an atomic attack,
Dig a hole, place a couple of doors over it
And cover the doors with 3 feet of earth."
Sylvester is having a problem.
He has a regular screwdriver.
The door is hung with Phillips screws.
In case of atomic attack, Sylvester is screwed!



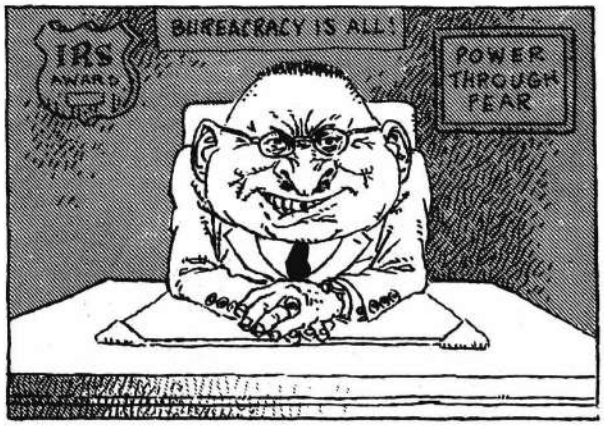
See Sylvester.
He has dug a hole,
He has placed a couple of doors over the hole.
He has put 3 feet of earth on the doors.
Will Sylvester be safe from atomic attack?
No, because he can't figure one thing out.
How's he supposed to get into the hole?

ed PRIMER

primed by VIC BIANCO
art by LePOER

See the man crouching behind the bush.
He is a retired General.
He was in charge of the Defence Intelligence Agency.
He knows a way to survive an atomic blast.
Hide behind a lilac bush.
We're glad it's not a rose bush.
Those thorns can hurt you!

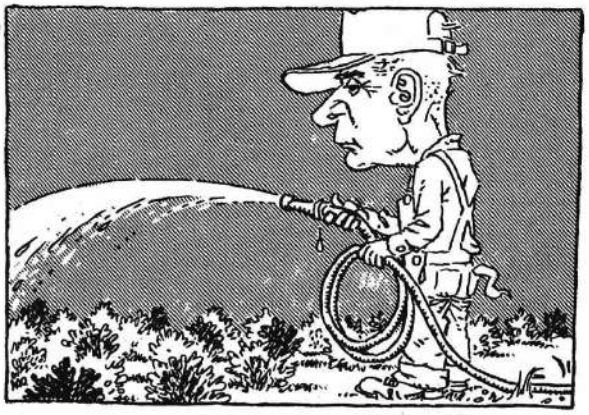
These are government workers.
They are angry government workers.
Grrr! Grrr! Grrr!
Why are they angry?
They just found out:
In case of nuclear war,
They will be required to work 48 hours a week!
Normally, they don't work that much a month!
No wonder they are angry.



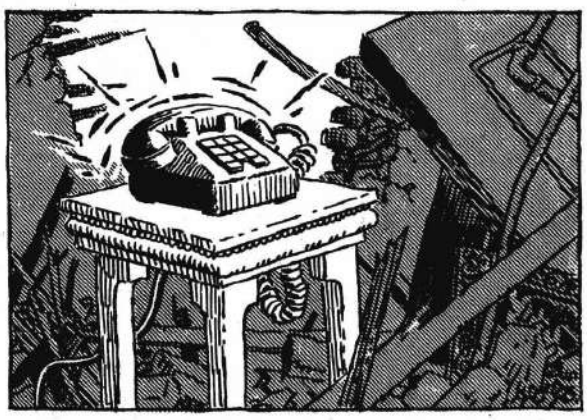
See the man.
He is a tax official.
He has some good news.
In case of nuclear war:
There will be no penalty for late filing.
The ncome tax will be abolished.
Instead we will have a 30% sales tax.
But what will there be to buy?

See the crowd going into the hardware store.
Is there a big sale?
No, they are people from a big city.
They are being relocated in a safe rural area.
They are going to live in the hardware store.
Where are they going to eat?
Their instructions are to eat at McDonald's.
But, if McDonald's is blown away by a nuke:
Is it okay for them to eat at Burger King?
Or Wendy's?

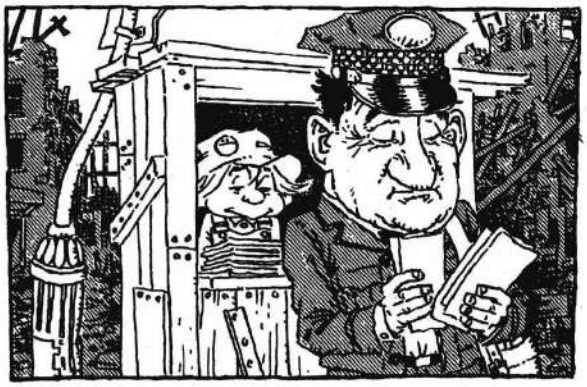
See the people in the line.
They are th ones that live in the hardware store.
They seem to be in pain.
Are they suffering from radiation?
No, but they are suffering.
There is only one john in the hardware store.
Suffer, suffer, suffer.



See the former farmer.
He is washing his crops.
The crops are covered with radioactive dust.
He is wshing with radioactive water.
Wash, Wash, Wash.
A government advisor says, "Fallout is no problem.
Just wash it off and eat the food."
You can bet this adviser went to school.
The same school as the General hiding behind the lilacs.

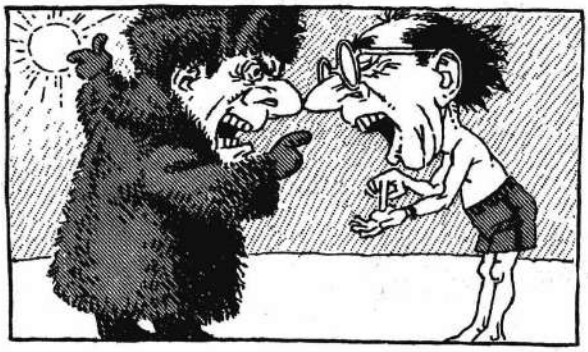


See the telephone.
It is still ringing.
Didn't the nukes wipe out the phone system?
No, thanks to the phone companies.
They built underground shelters for their equipment.
They developed a bomb-proof cable.
The only problem is,
Is there anyone left to call up?



See the mailman.
He is making his deliveries.
He is delivering change of address cards.
These are for people whose homes were blown away.
The Post Office will forward all first class mail.
Junk mail will not be forwarded.
CRACKED subscribers will have to go to the newsstand.
Sorry about that.

See the post-holocaust consumers in the line.
They are buying their rations.
The government allows each person to buy 3 lbs. of meat.
But the store is out of meat.
They get 36 eggs instead.
Why isn't the line moving?
The cash register was knocked out by the bombs.
The clerk doesn't know how to use an adding machine.
Or count.
War is hell.



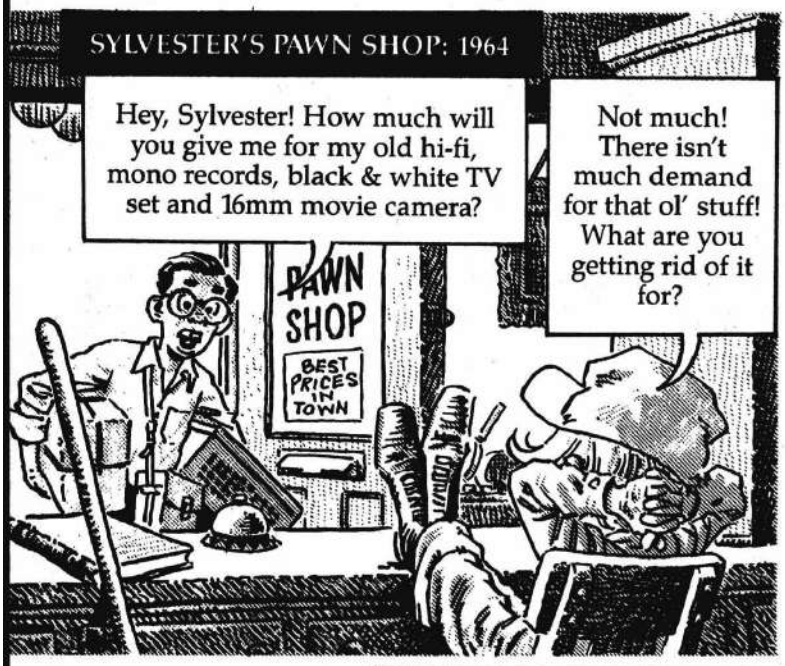
See the two men arguing.
They are scientists.
One says, "If there is a nuclear war,
The ozone layer will be damaged.
And the earth will be unbearably hot."
The other says, "There will be a huge, dark dust cloud.
It will block out the sun and Earth will be very cold."
So, you'd better take your bikini and your longjohns
Into the bomb shelter with you.
You never know!

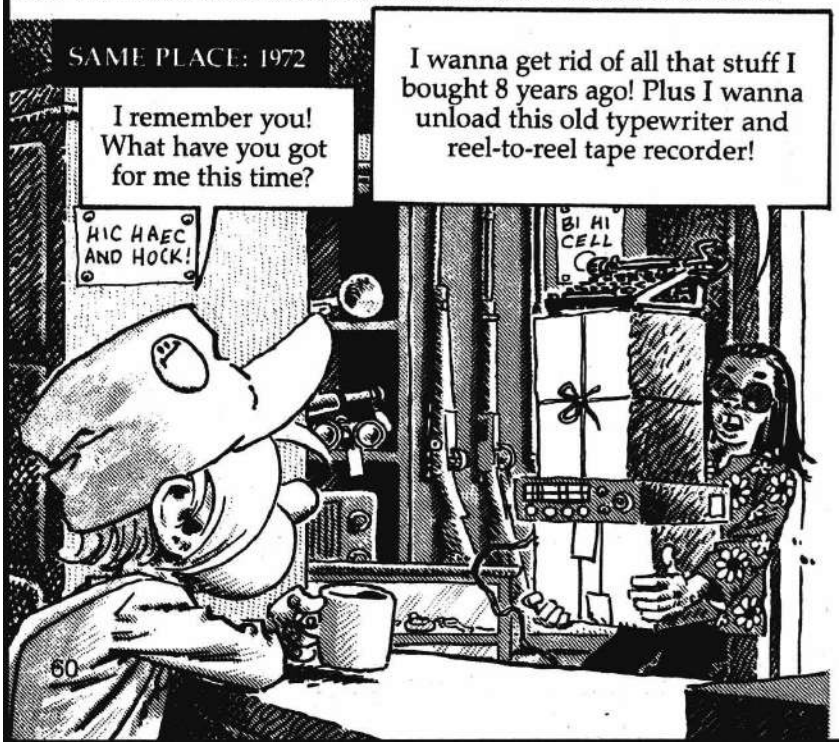
TH'END

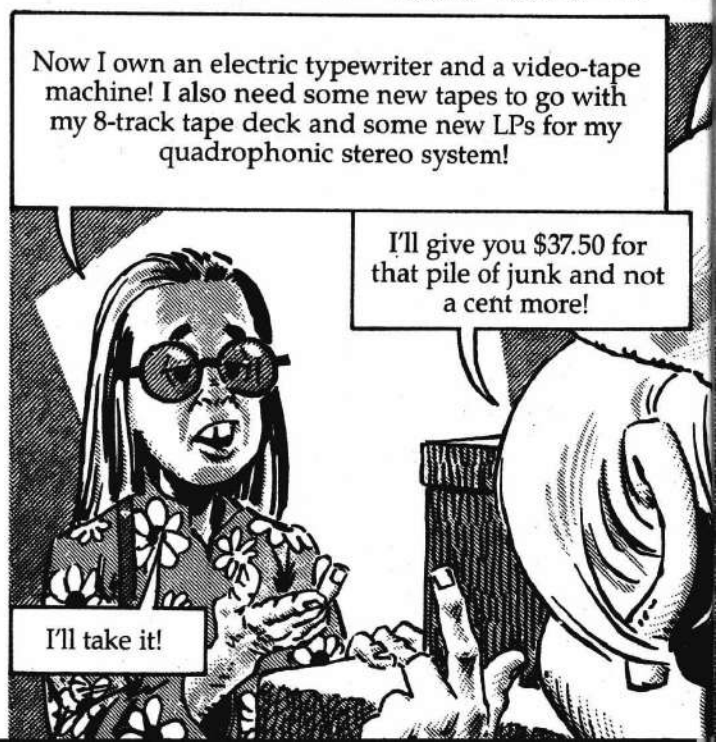
The first rule of investing is "Buy low, sell high!"... Always try to sell something for more than you paid for it! Everyone tries to follow this rule... everyone except for **technophiles!** Y'know, those gotta-have-it types who rush out to buy every new overpriced audio/video gadget on the market before it's outdated and useless! To illustrate our point, let's look back on the so-called...

PROGRESS OF A CRACKED TECHNOPHILE!

by PETER BAGGE and JOHN SEVERIN







SAME OL' DUMP: 1979
Hi! Remember me?
Not you again?! What are you trying to unload this time?
I'm replacing my 8-track with a cassette recorder, my electric typewriter with a word processor, my old 1-inch video recorder with a Betamax deck and my quadrophonic system for a laser disc system! Gotta keep up with the times, y'know!
100 bucks for the whole heap! That's mighty generous, considering I can't sell the junk you sold me last time! I might as well open up an antique shop!
I need the money, so $100 it is!
YOU GUESSED IT: 1988
Hello? Anyone here?
I was expecting you! Don't you have anything to sell me this time?
I sure do! Back up the truck slowly, Mack!
Holy moley!
I gotta make room for my VCR, my compact disc player and my satellite dish! All this stuff is outta date! Obsolete! It's gotta go!
What'll you offer me for it?
I'll give you $200 for it if you promise me you'll spend it **wisely** this time!
Oh, I will! In fact, instead of giving me the $200, I'll just trade you all of it for this ol' monophonic **Louis Prima** record!
But you sold me that record 23 years ago for only five cents!
I know, but now it's a rare collector's item and I've **gotta have it!**
TH'END

SHUT-UPS

Ya got th' **wrong man,** pardner! It wuz my **twin brother** what rustled yer cows!
Shut up, Jesse! We done **hung** yer twin brother over **ten years** ago!
Bigamy is a **terrible** crime, but I'm going to show you **mercy** because you didn't know what you were doing...
Shut up with the lecture, Judge and **don't** show me any **mercy!**
Our **special** tonight is turkey with sour cream gravy, potatoes with real butter and for dessert, strawberries with whipped cream...
Shut up and **get out,** Warden! Don't you know that **last meal** would be a one-way ticket to an early **heart attack?!!**
MENU
ZIP
BAR

Greetings, skateboard fans. Yes, today yours truly and the CRACKED crew are hangin' ten and goin' after the big one as we spend some time with the inventor of both the skateboard and the skateboard park. His name? None other than the GREAT WHEELER. And this article's title? Well, it could only be

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE SKATEBOARD KING

What great fun... if you enjoy being mangled.

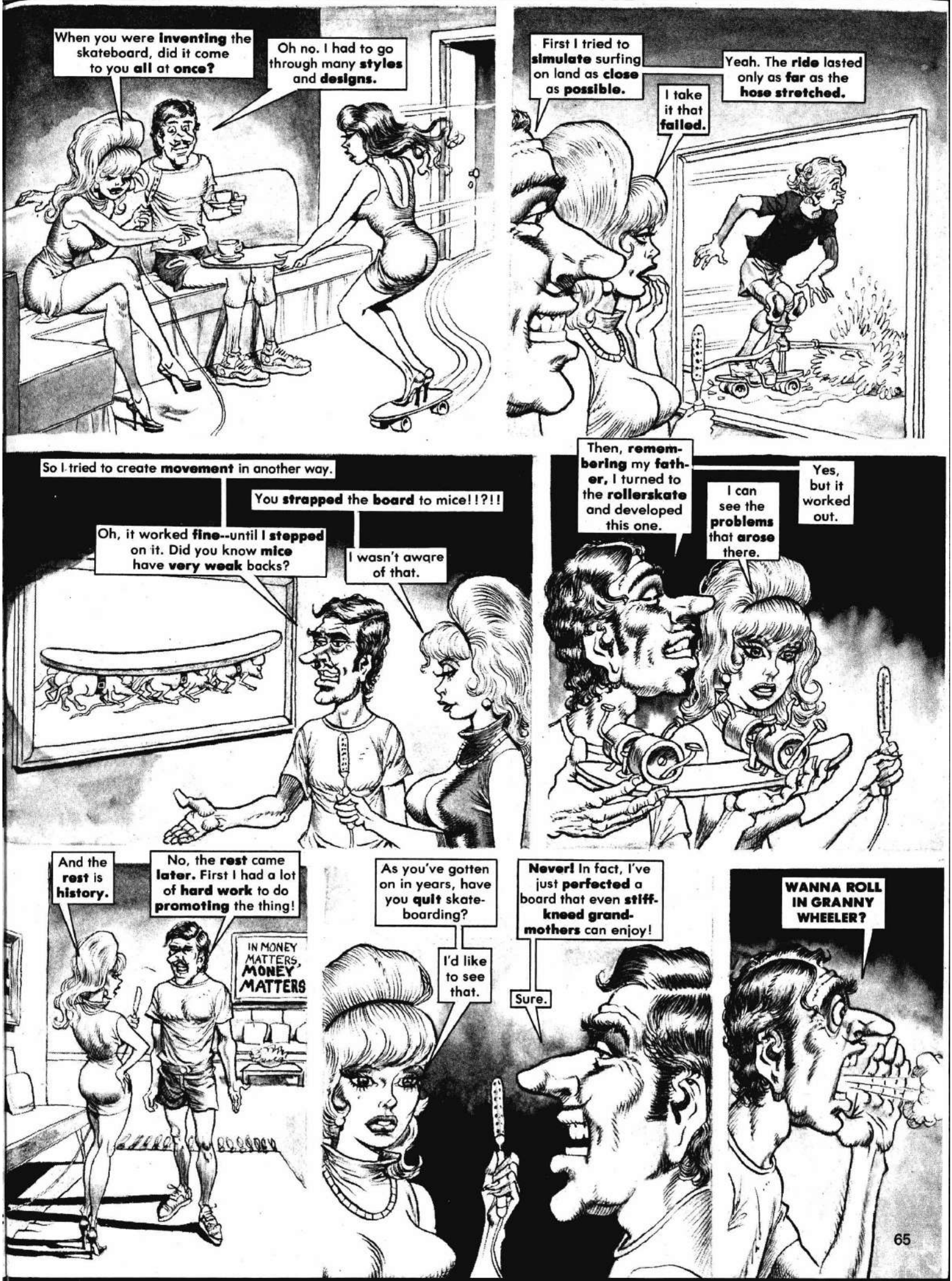
I never read signs till it's too late.

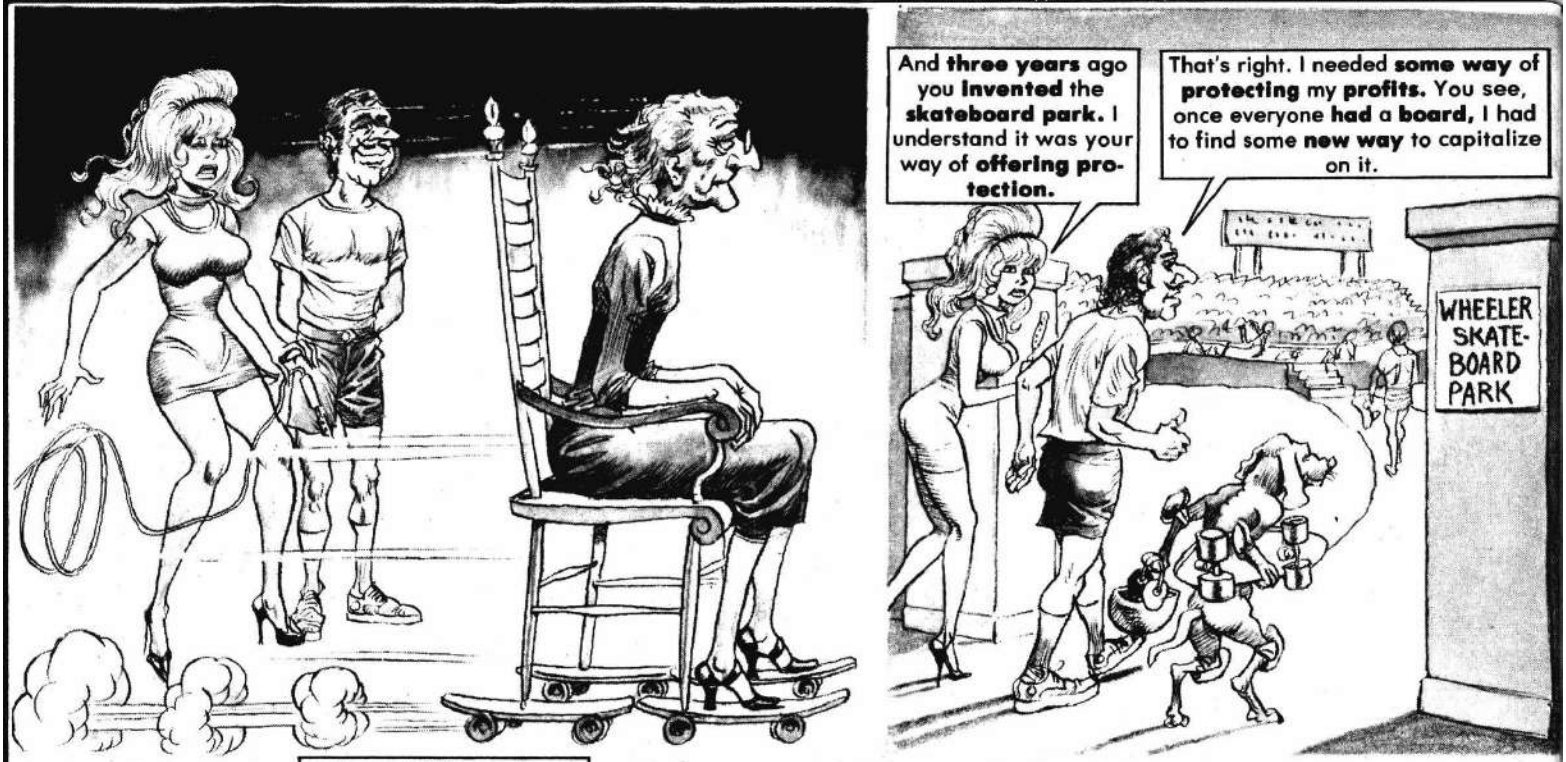
TEDDY

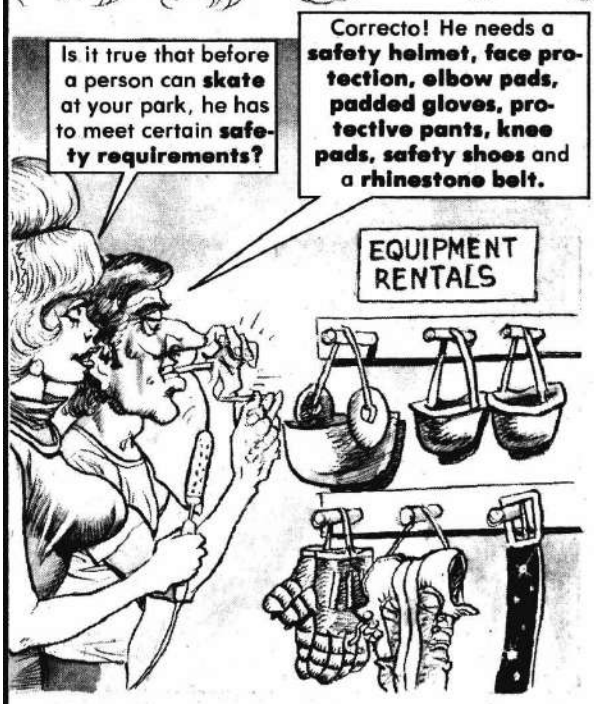
CAUTION SKATE AT YOUR OWN RISK

WARD

CRACKED thinks Reggie Jackson's barber is a Yankee Clipper!


When you were **inventing** the skateboard, did it come to you **all** at **once?**
Oh no. I had to go through many **styles** and **designs.**
First I tried to **simulate** surfing on land as **close** as **possible.**
I take it that **failed.**
Yeah. The **ride** lasted only as **far** as the **hose stretched.**
So I tried to create **movement** in another way.
You **strapped** the **board** to mice!!?!!
Oh, it worked **fine**--until I **stepped** on it. Did you know **mice** have **very weak** backs?
I wasn't aware of that.
Then, **remembering** my **father,** I turned to the **rollerskate** and developed this one.
I can see the **problems** that **arose** there.
Yes, but it worked out.
And the **rest** is **history.**
No, the **rest** came **later.** First I had a lot of **hard work** to do **promoting** the thing!
IN MONEY MATTERS, MONEY MATTERS
As you've gotten on in years, have you **quit** skateboarding?
I'd like to see that.
Never! In fact, I've just **perfected** a board that even **stiff-kneed grandmothers** can enjoy!
Sure.
WANNA ROLL IN GRANNY WHEELER?





CRACKED thinks a singer who works with an orchestra is a band aid!

What's that?

A **painting** I did with my left foot.

That's **not** the kind of **footwork** I had in mind. I meant...

Oh...I'm sorry It's those **falls** on my head again, Nanny. They're **brutal!**

Could you **show us** one of the **courses** in this **park?**

Sure. This is **suicide leap.**

Where does it **leap** to?

The **outside** of the **park.** It's the only way I know of **keeping** the **place** from getting **overcrowded.**

You **could limit** admission.

And you **could** drive me to **bankruptcy** with suggestions like that.

I know that **nobody** likes to **talk** about **accidents,** but what happens if **someone is hurt** here?

It's all **covered** in this waiver a **boarder signs** before **using** the **park.**

CONTRACT

Let me see that. "I hereby certify...Signed_____" and then there's some small print.

A few **minor points.**

Minor? Great Wheeler, there's **18 pages** of **small print!**

Oh. Well, what it says **basically** is that I'm responsible for **nothing** that happens here in the way of **injury except** if a **kid's board** is **eaten** by **packrats** while **skating.**

Since we've been **talking** so much about **mishaps,** do you think you could give my **readers** some **final tips?**

Certainly. Be **alert** at all times, **check** your **equipment** frequently and, most important, if you **really** wanna play it **safe...**

Yes?

...**forget** the sport **entirely** and try something **saner**--like **alligator wrestling.**

Thank you **Great Wheeler.**

And this is **Nanny Dickering** reminding you---"**Skate** with your **heart** and you'll find the **key** to happiness!"

What's **that** supposed to mean?

I don't know. I just **say** whatever the **writers jot down** on my **closing cue card.**

And they talk about **my** brain.

CLOSING BIT: AND THIS IS NANCY DICKERING REMINDING YOU--- SKATE WITH YOUR HEART AND YOU'LL FIND THE KEY TO HAPPINESS.

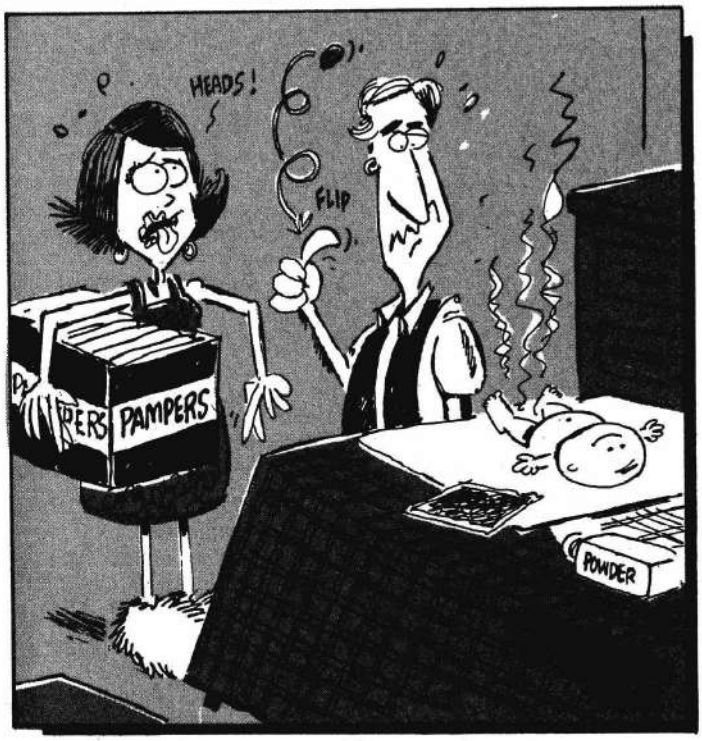
BONK

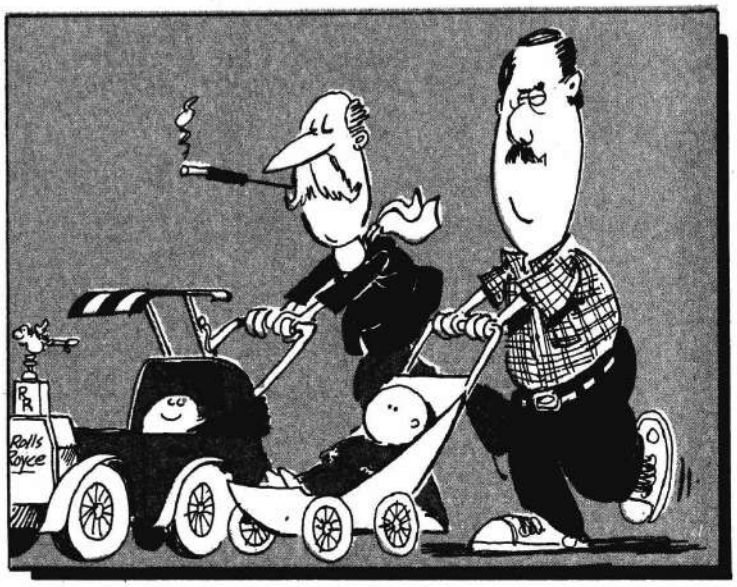
ZIPP

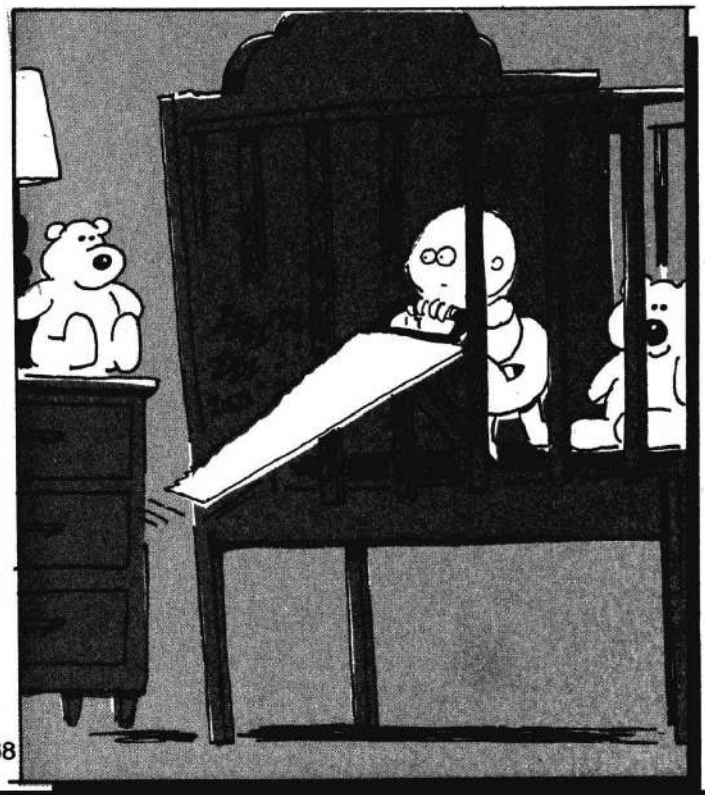
ZIPP

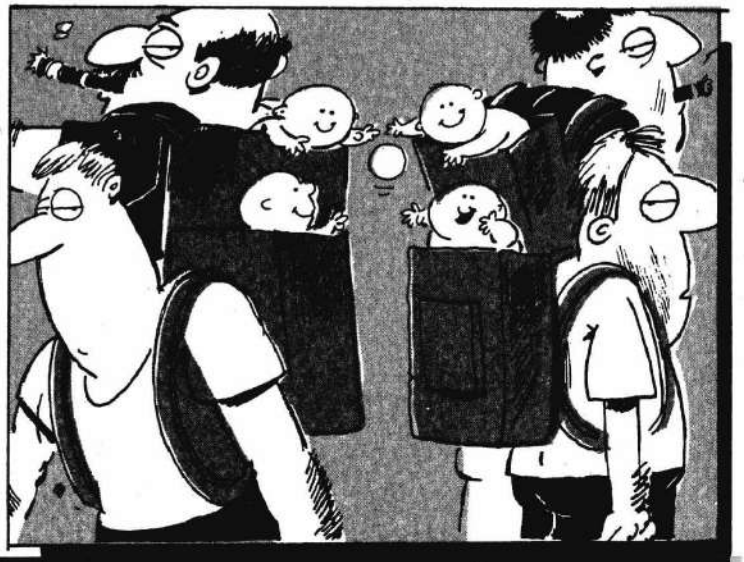
BABY ONE-SHOTS

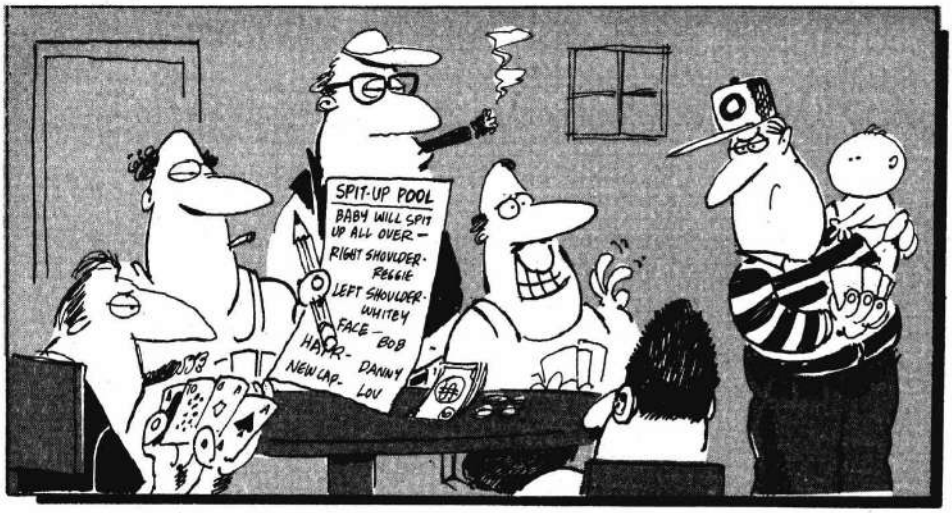
BY ROGER BROWN AND MIKEY RIDIGLIANO



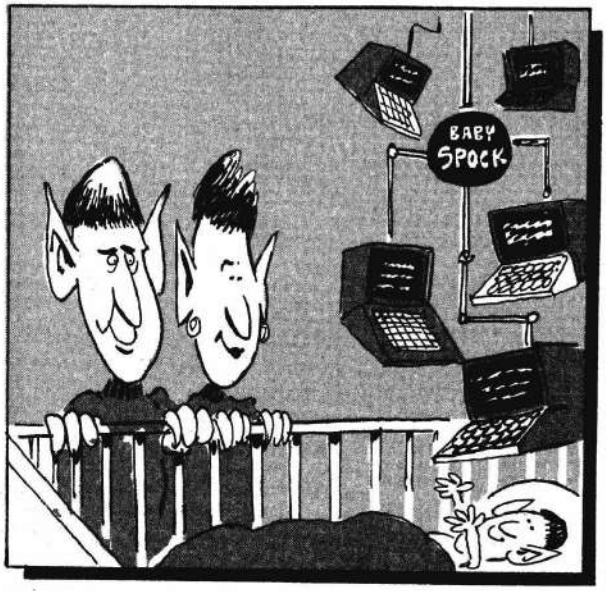


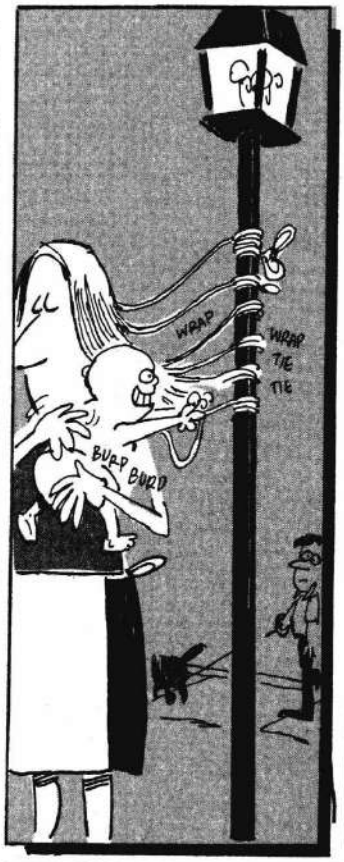


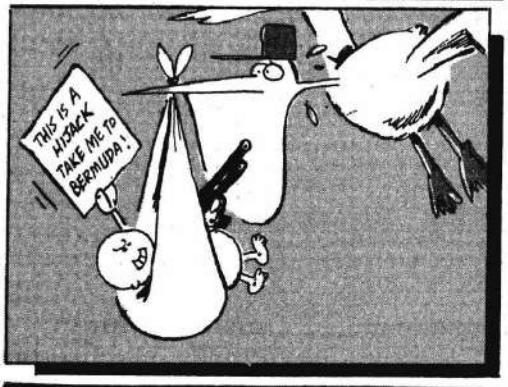


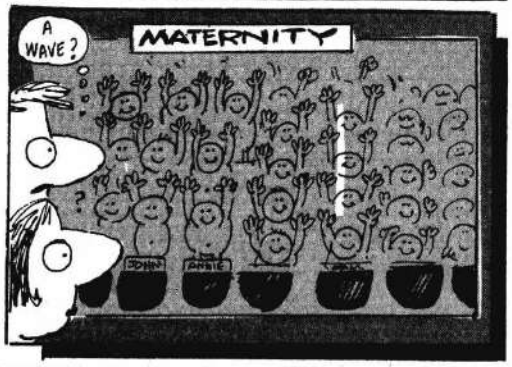

SPIT-UP POOL
BABY WILL SPIT UP ALL OVER —
RIGHT SHOULDER- REGGIE
LEFT SHOULDER- WHITEY
FACE — BOB
HAIR- DANNY
NEW CAR- LOU

STRAINED BABY FOOD
STEAKS

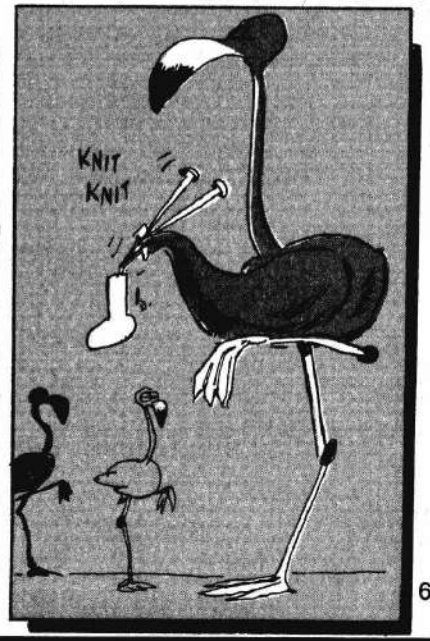

BABY SPOCK


WRAP
WRAP THE TIE
BURP BURP


THIS IS A HIJACK TAKE ME TO BERMUDA!


A WAVE?
MATERNITY

WALK

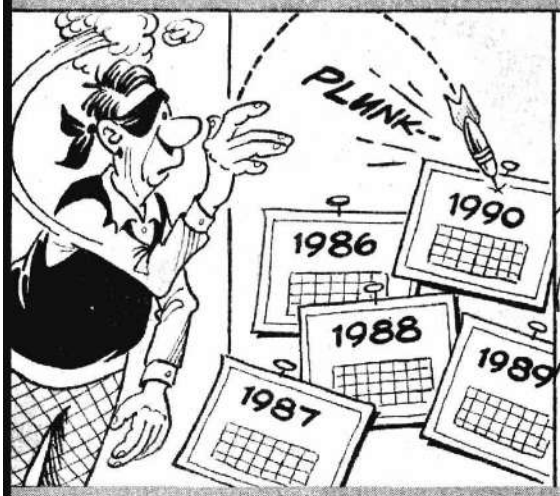

KNIT KNIT

Cigarette smoking threatens your health, annoys others, costs LOTS of money and sets a bad example for the future generation. This article suggests many ways to STOP smoking, but we at CRACKED advise that the BEST way to is...

When you've made up your mind to quit, be *fair* and *honest*...pick a *target date* to stop!

If you're *sincere* about quitting, *promise* in the presence of *witnesses!*

You're *not* sincere if you promise in a setting like *this!*



Discard *everything* you associate with smoking...cigarettes, matches, lighters, pipes, ashtrays, beer, clothes, favorite chair, etc, etc...

Don't dwell on the fact that you will be quitting *forever!* Live one day at a time! I'll only *seem* like *forever!*

If you associate smoking with drinking coffee, *avoid* coffee and drink a *substitute!*

Be careful *what* you substitute for the coffee...it may be *more* hazardous than smoking!

Also use substitutes for your oral fixation...like f'rinstance raisins, gum, lolly pops, licorise and other tooth decayers!

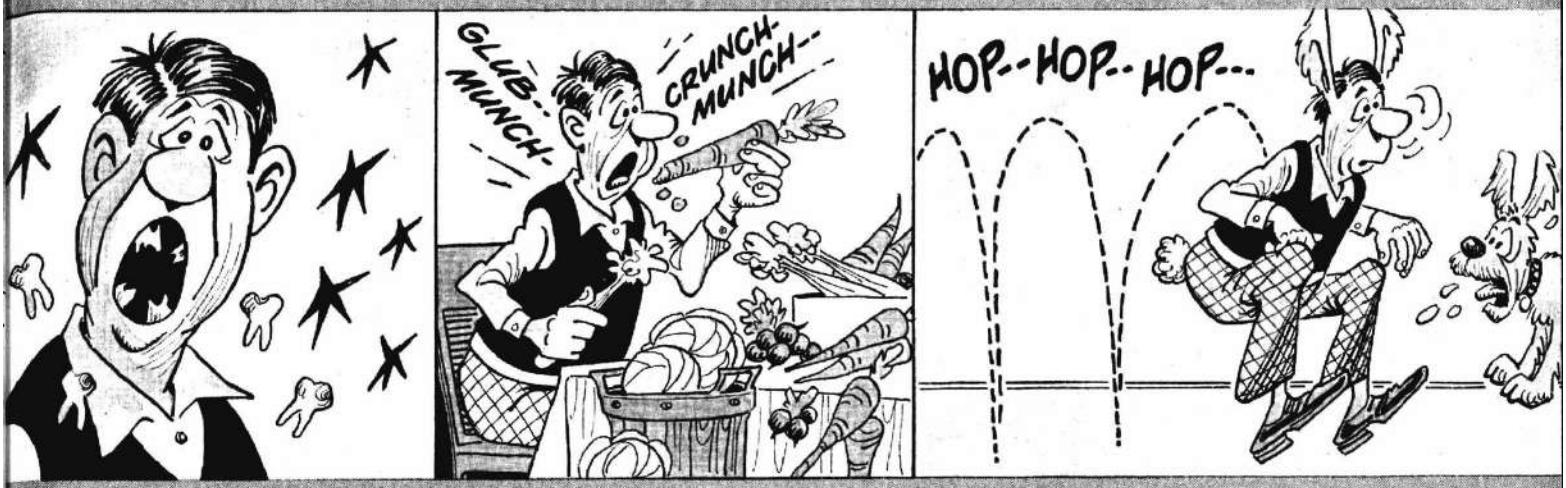
DON'T EVEN START!!

art and writing by Al SCADUTO

Eating candy *may* stop your smoking, but it can also rot your teeth out *real quick!*

So try *other* oral substitutions, such as celery, lettuce, carrots and radishes!

But eating too much of the veggie substitutes can cause *physical changes* as well as *behavioral changes!*



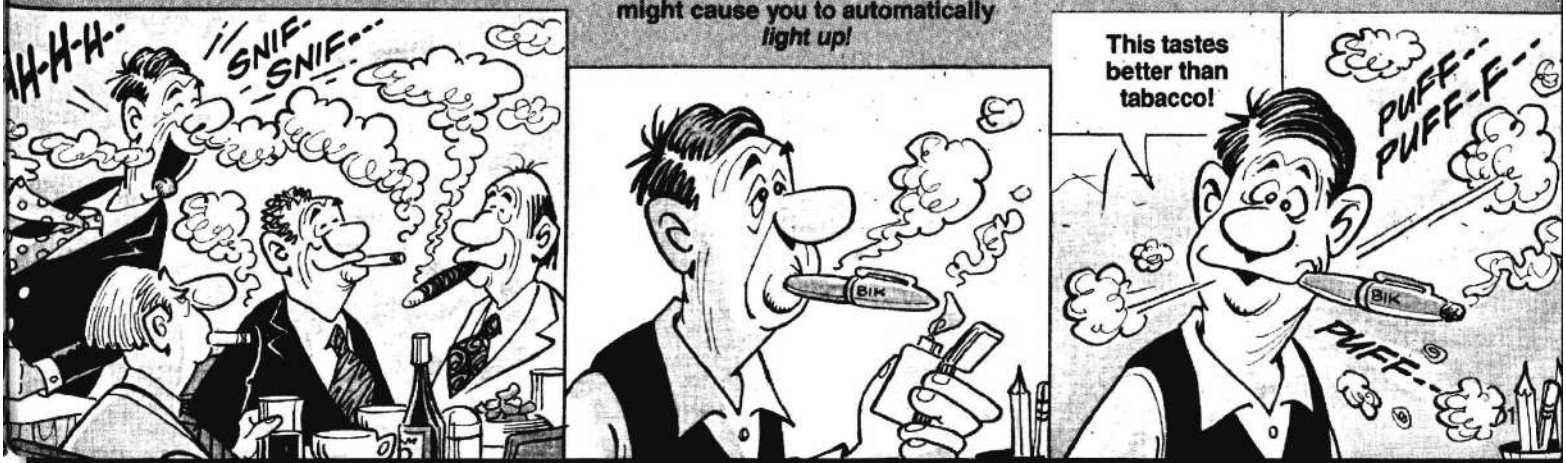
If you miss the feeling of having a cig butt in your hand, do *other* things to keep your paws busy. Keep a "kitty" cup nearby...you can pick up extra cash if people *like* your performance!

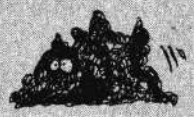
Try *deep breathing* exercises. This is the *proper way* to do them...

This is the *incorrect* way to do breathing exercises!

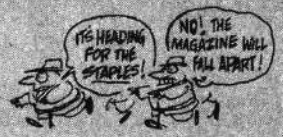
Don't put *anything* shaped like a cigarette in your mouth! Pencils and ball-point pens are a *no-no!* They might cause you to automatically *light up!*

Then you'll have the even harder problem of breaking the *ball-point pen habit!*



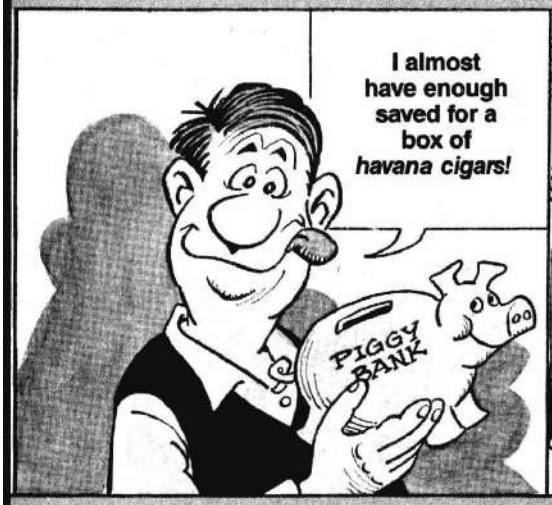


Save the money you'd've spent on smokes and buy yourself that *treat* you've always wanted!



When you're *tempted* to smoke, take a *shower* instead!

It's *very* important to *exercise!* Exercise will thwart the urge to smoke...but do it *indoors!*



Don't jog! Jogging *outdoors* is *bad!* The temptation to jog to a smoke shop could be *dangerous* to your health!

Instead of striking a match, strike up a conversation with someone...*anyone!* This can save you from lighting up, but it could *also* be dangerous!

Celebrate each month on the anniversary of your quit date. Be good to yourself...plan something *special!*

Eat good nourishing food. When you want to smoke, grab a *bite* instead!

When the long ordeal is over and you've finally *beat* that *nasty habit,* go to your doctor for a check-up! Get ready for the *good news!*

Late night TV has a new star, the critics say he's hip, cool and funky. Well, doing a no-joke monologue, asking dumb questions and gushing over 2nd rate talent ain't exactly our idea of hip, cool or funky. But that's what's happening on...

BEFORE I INTRODUCE MY FIRST GUEST, LET'S SEE A FILM CLIP OF HIM DOING HIS THING.
READY... AIM... FIRE!

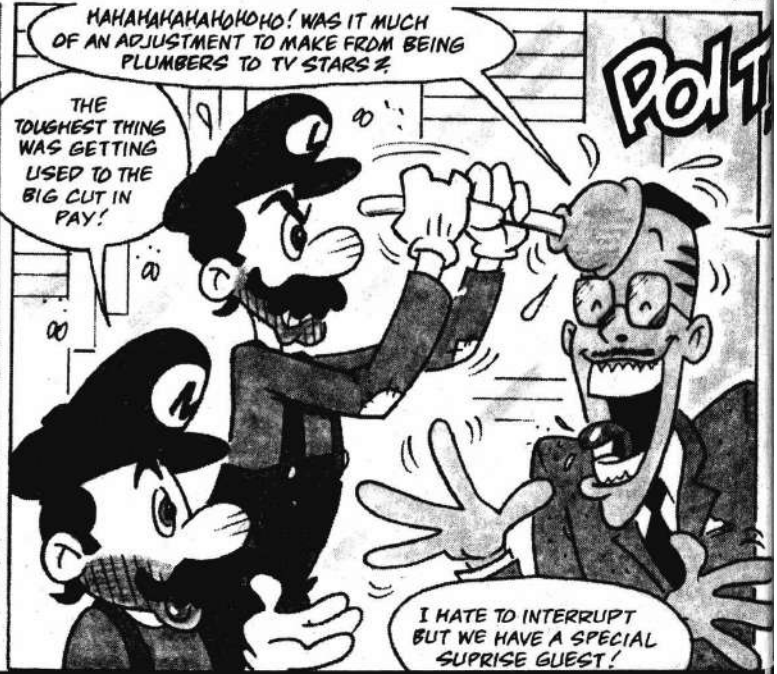
WOOOOWOOOWOOO!!
THAT'S RIGHT, MEET GEN. MANUEL NORIEGAHA. GEN., IS IT OKAY IF I CALL YOU MANNY?
CALL ME ANYTHEENG YOU LIKE, BUT DON'T CALL ME LATE FOR DINNER.

LATE FOR DINNER... HAHAHAHA HOOD HAHA. AND THEY SAY DICTATORS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR.
WHO SAID THAT? I'LL HAVE HIM SHOT!

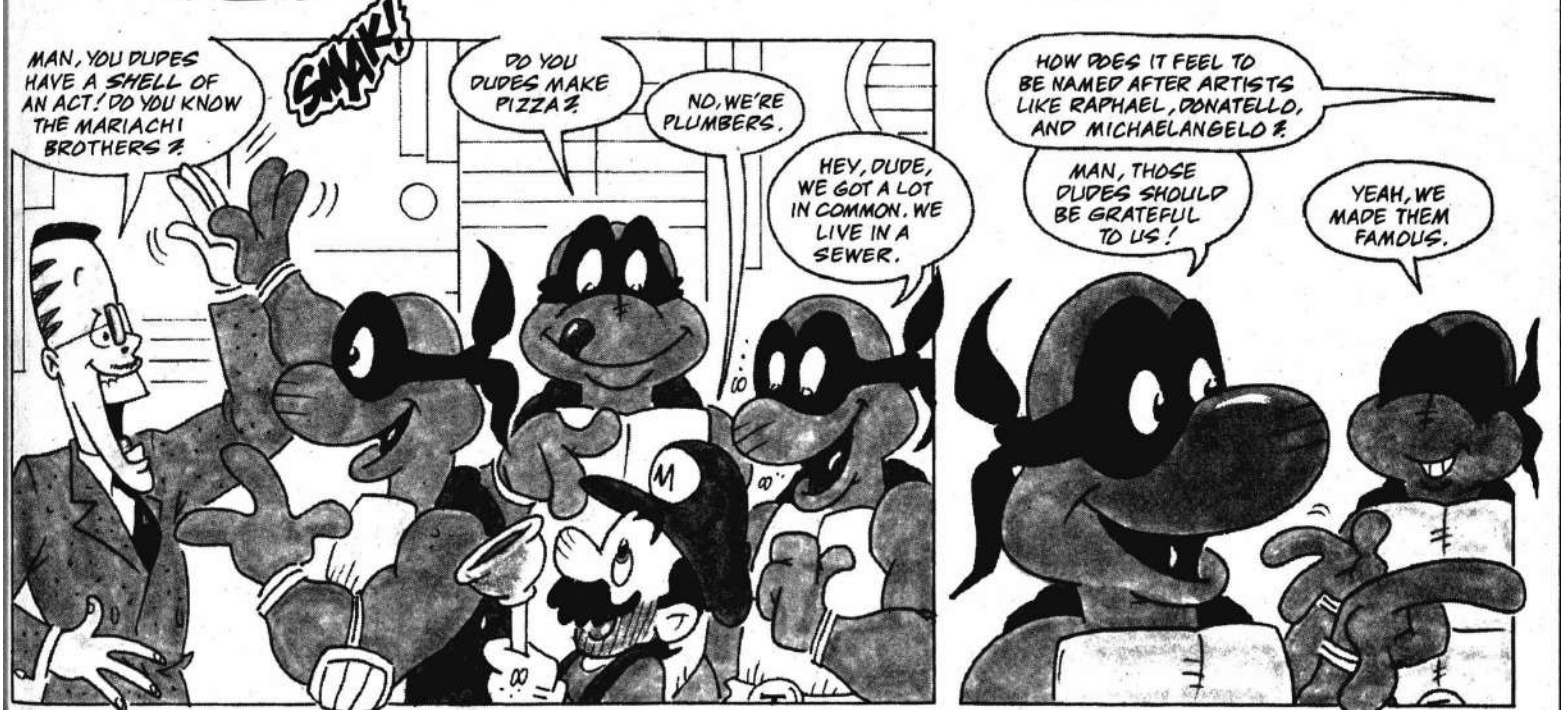
DO YOU HAVE ANY PET PEEVES?
NO, BUT I HAVE A PET HAMSTER.
WOOO WOOO!
HAHAHAHA... HAHAHA!

MY NEXT GUESTS ARE TWO OF TV'S BRIGHTEST NEW STARS!
WHATSAH MATTER, GUMBAH, YOUR TOILET STOPPED UP?
MEET THE STUPOR MARIACHI BROTHERS!

GUYS, I REALLY LOVE YOUR PROGRAM. ONLY IN AMERICA COULD A COUPLE OF PLUMBERS HAVE THEIR OWN HIT SHOW!
YEAH, AND A CHOOCH LIKE YOU WOULD BECOME A TALK SHOW HOST. HEY, WE'RE ONLY KIDDING, PAISAN, WE NEVER MISS YOUR SHOW.
YEAH, WE NEVER WATCH IT, SO WE NEVER MISS IT! HOHOHO.
GUMBY "DO"


HAHAHAHAHAHOHOHO! WAS IT MUCH OF AN ADJUSTMENT TO MAKE FROM BEING PLUMBERS TO TV STARS?
THE TOUGHEST THING WAS GETTING USED TO THE BIG CUT IN PAY!
POW!
I HATE TO INTERRUPT BUT WE HAVE A SPECIAL SUPRISE GUEST!

ALL RIGHT! IS IT EDDIE?
NO.
EDDIE REALLY IS MY FRIEND!
MICHAEL! WE'LL DO US SOME MOON-WALKING!
NO.
IT'S GOTTA BE SUGAR RAY!
NO, IT'S THE TOONAGE MUTANT NINJERK TURDLES!!

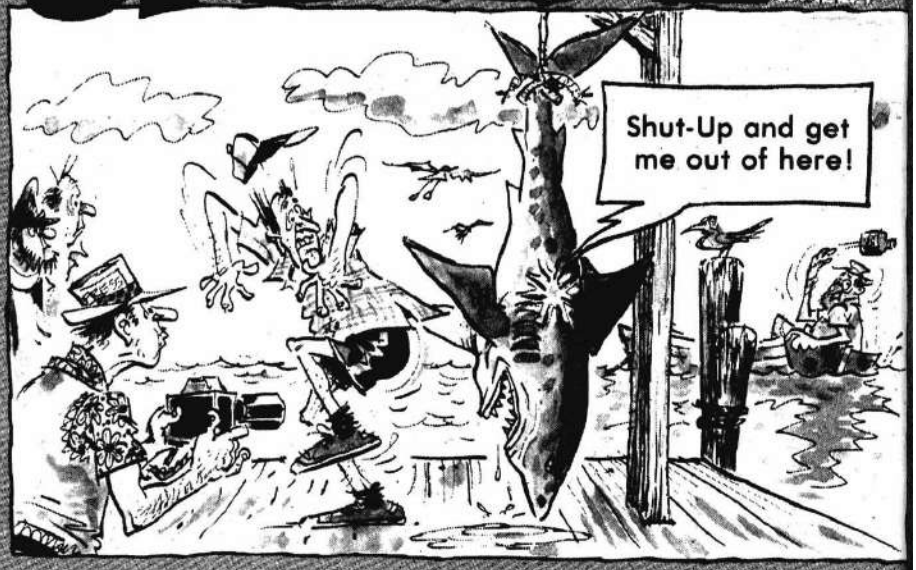

MAN, YOU DUDES HAVE A SHELL OF AN ACT! DO YOU KNOW THE MARIACHI BROTHERS?
SMAK!
DO YOU DUDES MAKE PIZZA?
NO, WE'RE PLUMBERS.
HEY, DUDE, WE GOT A LOT IN COMMON. WE LIVE IN A SEWER.
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE NAMED AFTER ARTISTS LIKE RAPHAEL, DONATELLO, AND MICHAELANGELO?
MAN, THOSE DUDES SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO US!
YEAH, WE MADE THEM FAMOUS.

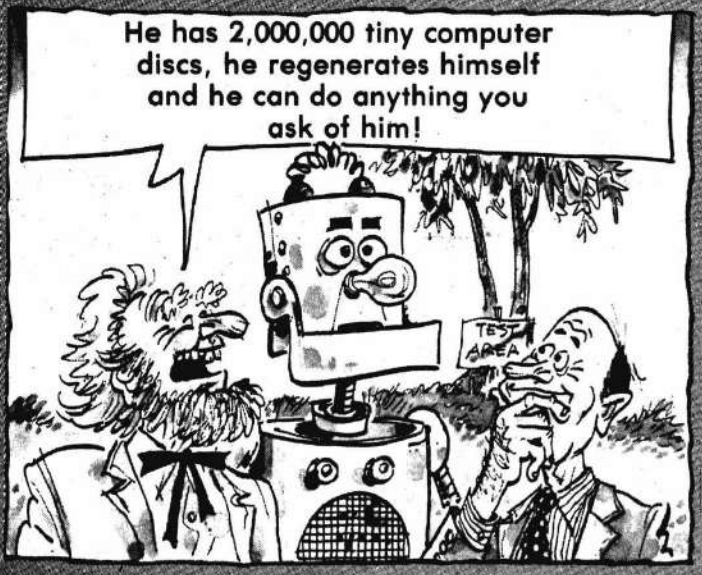
YOU GUYS WILL DIG MY NEXT GUEST, HE STARRED IN THE MOVIE ARACHNO-PHOBIA.
YOU MEAN THAT SPIDER? MAN, WE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A GUEST!
WE'RE SORRY, DUDE.
WHAT
WE ATE THE DUDE.
ATE HIM?!
HE WAS MOST DELICIOUS.
YEAH, WE ARE TURTLES!
UH, WE SEEM TO HAVE RUN OUT OF GUESTS, UH.. I MEAN, TIME. G'NIGHT Y'ALL!

SHUT-UPS

TO BE CONT'D NEXT WEEK

It was a big struggle. He fought for an hour. The boat rocked. My wife fell overboard; but I finally got him...


Shut-Up and get me out of here!


He has 2,000,000 tiny computer discs, he regenerates himself and he can do anything you ask of him!
TEST AREA

Shut-Up! Let me do my own talking, birdbrain!

Hey, get out there where you belong!

Shut-Up! I'm not going out there... that guy's crazy!
NEXT SUNDAY DON ORTNER VS EL TORO LOCO

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STAR DREK
VOYAJERK
GAME INSTRUCTIONS

The U.S.S. Voyajerk has been hurled through a rift in the time-space continuum to the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Unless Captain Lostway finds a shortcut back to Alpha Quadrant, the crew will travel for 75 years, making them senile, incoherent or dead before they even reach the sunny side of Vulcan. It's up to you to help. Here's how to play.

You'll need: a token to represent you (something logical—not your lamp or your dog), a die from another game and the gameboard and cards from this magazine.

Prepare: Cut out the Voyajerk and Star Drek cards from the inside of this magazine. Place the board on something flat and shuffle both the Voyajerk and Star Drek decks.

To Start: Roll to see who goes first. Everyone starts in the Nowhere Nebula. Each player throws one die and moves that number of spaces, following the instructions on these spaces until their turn is over. Play continues counterclockwise (just to make things interesting).

Cards: When a player lands on a Voyajerk or Star Drek space, he must pick one card from the appropriate deck and follow the instructions on that card. If a player can pick from either pile, he or she must choose only one from which to draw from.

What's With All These Squiggly Lines?: If a player lands on a Wormhole space, follow the green worm to the end. The player then places his token on this space. If a player lands on a Distortion Wave space, he or she must follow the orange trail back to the end and position his token accordingly. Think of this as Cosmic Chutes and Ladders. To use a wormhole, you must land on it exactly. If you have a Wormhole card and are within six spaces of the Wormhole you may pass through without rolling the precise number on the dice. Once you pass through a Wormhole, you cannot slide backwards through it. Treat Shuttle spaces exactly as Wormholes.

To Win: The player must be the first to land exactly on Alpha Quadrant. The reward: the command of the starship in the next Star Drek sequel!

(Instructions are available in Klingon. Write to Worf c/o Klingon Empire)

CAPTAIN JANEWAY WASTES 3 DAYS TRYING TO FIND A "HAIR CUTTERY"

GO BACK 3

TUVOK GIVES PEP TALK TO CREW— AND PUTS THEM TO SLEEP...

LOSE 1 TURN

REPLICATE RUBY SLIPPERS FROM "WIZARD OF OZ"

BUT THEY ONLY TAKE YOU TO KAZON HOME BASE

GET ILL ON NEELIX'S DINNER CONCOCTION

GO TO SICK BAY

TELL OLD WORF STORIES

LOSE A TURN

OBTAIN WORMHOLE TRIPTIK FROM AUTOMOBILE CLUB

ADVANCE TO VERRAZANO WORMHOLE

WACKO FROM "SPEED" HAS PUT BOMB ON STARSHIP

GO BACK 1

WILL MISS LATEST "MELROSE SPACE" IF YOU DON'T MAKE IT BACK IN 4 HOURS!

MOVE AHEAD 2

STOP TO GET BURGER KINGS FOR CREW

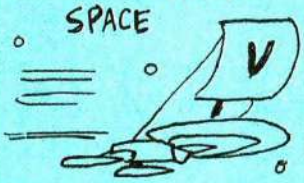
GO BACK 2

B'ELANNA TORRES TOO BUSY SHAVING TO WATCH COMPUTERS

GO BACK 3

INTERGALACTIC "YOU ARE HERE" SIGN GO TO NEAREST WORMHOLE

RAISE GIANT SAIL ON "VOYAJERK" TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF RARE WINDY DAY IN SPACE



MOVE AHEAD 4

NAVIGATE POLARIC DOUGHNUT BELT

MOVE AHEAD 1

DISCOVER DOODLE ON CHAKOTAY'S HEAD IS ACTUALLY A MAP!

MOVE AHEAD 5

GET CAUGHT IN SUBSPACE FRACTURE AND END UP ON ENTERPRISE WITH KIRK!

GO BACK 6

ACCIDENTALLY BEAM DOWN TO "PLANET OF THE BANISHED TREKKIES"...

GO THERE!

ARRESTED FOR MAKING OBSCENE PHONE CALL ON COMMUNICATOR

GO TO BRIG

KAZONS SWITCH SPACE SIGNS

GO BACK ROLL OF DIE

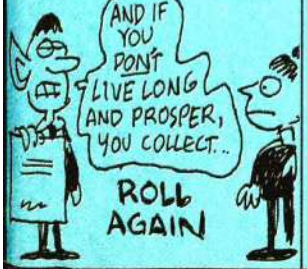
CAUGHT SHIPPING STRANGE SCI-FI TYPES TO X-FILES TV SHOW

GO TO BRIG

CAPTAIN JANEWAY'S RASPY VOICE DRIVES YOU NUTS!

GO TO HOLODECK TO RECREATE MIME COLONY

GET VULCAN LIFE INSURANCE



ROLL AGAIN

WORMHOLE TOKEN

ALLOWS YOU TO ENTER WORMHOLE IF YOU'RE WITHIN 6 SPACES OF IT

(SAVE THIS CARD TILL USED)

REPLICATE SHIP'S KEYS

GET OUT OF BRIG OR SICK BAY FREE

(SAVE THIS CARD TILL USED)

SING SONG TO KEEP YOU BUSY TILL YOU GET HOME IN 75 YEARS

PICK STAR DREK CARD

TOW GIANT STOWAWAY ALIEN TO NEAREST PLANET

VOYAJERK

CARDS

VOYAJERK

CARDS

VOYAJERK

CARDS

VOYAJERK

CARDS

VOYAJERK

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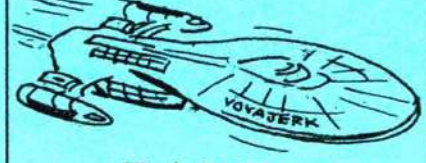
VOYAJERK



CARDS

VOYAJERK

CARDS

VOYAJERK

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CARDS

VOYAJERK

CARDS

VOYAJERK

CARDS

ASK DIRECTIONS FROM INTERGALACTIC "DUMB AND DUMBER"

GO BACK TO START

GET OUT OF BRIG FREE

(SAVE THIS CARD TILL USED)

REPLICATOR BREAKS DOWN - FORCED TO USE SPARE REPLICATOR TO REPLICATE OLD REPLICATOR SO THAT YOU CAN REPLICATE AGAIN...

(LOSE 1 TURN)

POINT PHASER THE WRONG WAY

GO TO SICK BAY

TAKE VACATION IN ACAPULCO (HOLOGRAPHICALLY, THAT IS...

GO TO HOLODECK

GET ADVICE FROM CAPTAIN PICARD INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO

GO AHEAD 5

MAQUIS REBELS ON "FEDERATION'S MOST WANTED" SHOW

HIDE ON PLANET OF THE BANISHED TREKKIES

ENCOUNTER ALIEN THAT LOOKS LIKE BARNEY FIFE OF MAYBERRY

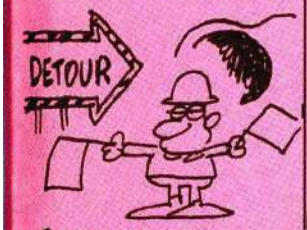
THROW AGAIN

ALIENS STEALING BODY PARTS OF VOYAJERK CREW

LOOK FOR THEM ON PLANET RIKKI LAKEA

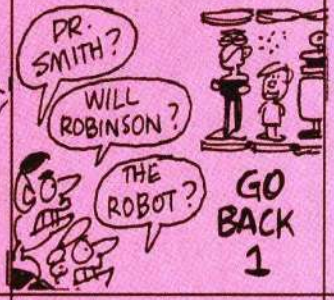
CITE FERENGI RULES OF ACQUISITION — AND ACQUIRE ANY OPPONENT'S CARD!

WORMHOLE UNDER CONSTRUCTION



REROUTE TO PLANET KRAMERON

BEAM UP "LOST IN SPACE" CHARACTERS BY MISTAKE



GO BACK 1

LIEUTENANT TOM PARIS BEAMS DOWN TO "PLANET OF THE BABES" - AND NEVER RETURNS!

GO BACK ROLL OF DIE

KES HAS 2ND BIRTHDAY AND MARRIES NEELIX

CELEBRATE BY THROWING AGAIN

APPREHEND ALIEN RACE

MOVE AHEAD 3

INSIST ON HOLOGRAPHIC NURSE TO GO WITH HOLOGRAPHIC DOCTOR (+ THAT SHE LOOKS LIKE DEMI MOORE!)

ADVANCE TO SICK BAY

HOLOGRAPHIC CHICKEN SOUP

GETS HOLDER OUT OF SICK BAY (SAVE THIS CARD TILL USED)

CARETAKER'S EVIL TWIN BROTHER

(YES, THERE'S ANOTHER GIANT JELLYFISH-LIKE DEITY OUT THERE)

SENDS YOU BACK 5 SPACES

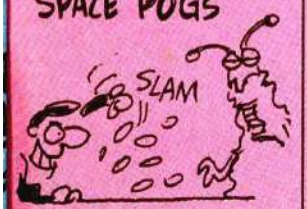
LOW-SPEED WHITE BRONCOSHIP CHASE OBSERVED

PICK 1 VOYAJERK CARD

SPACE DISASTER PREVENTION CARD

USE TO PREVENT A NEGATIVE OCCURANCE (SAVE THIS CARD TILL USED)

BEAT ALIEN IN SPACE POGS



ADVANCE TO PLANET LOOZEMALL

PLAY CONNECT-THE-DOTS ON NEELIX'S HEAD AND...

...DISCOVER ROUTE TO NEAREST WORMHOLE! (ADVANCE THERE!)

REPLICATE EXTRA DIE

THROW AGAIN!

WORMHOLE TOKEN

ALLOWS YOU TO ENTER WORMHOLE IF YOU'RE WITHIN 6 SPACES OF IT.

(SAVE THIS CARD TILL USED)

TRICORDER MALFUNCTION

FORCED TO GO TO MAQUIS INFORMATION BOOTH FOR DETAILS

STAR DREK CARDS

STAR DREK CARDS

STAR DREK CARDS

STAR DREK CARDS

STAR DREK CARDS

STAR DREK CARDS

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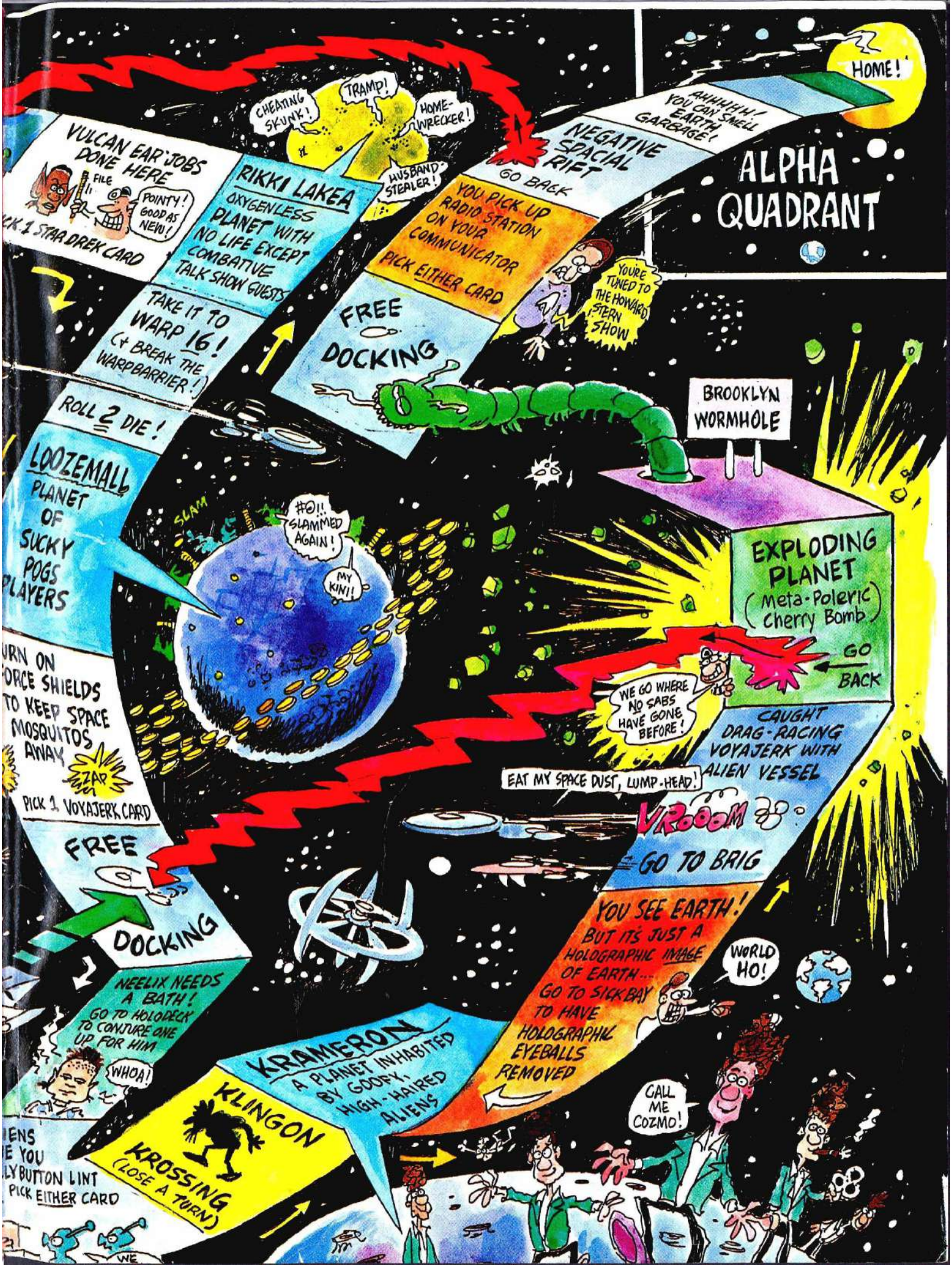
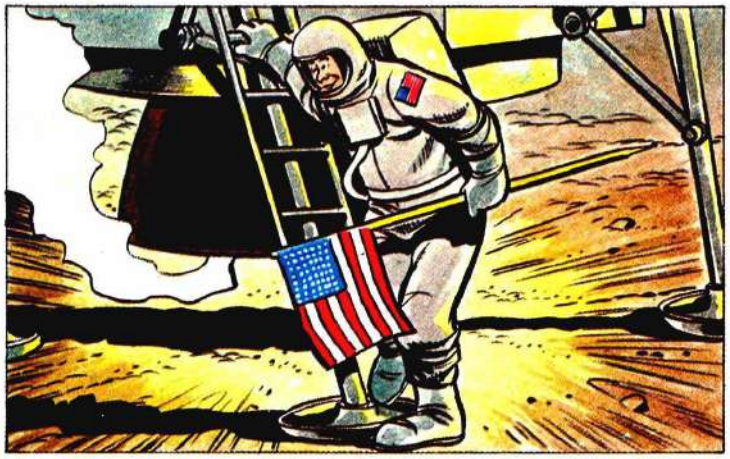
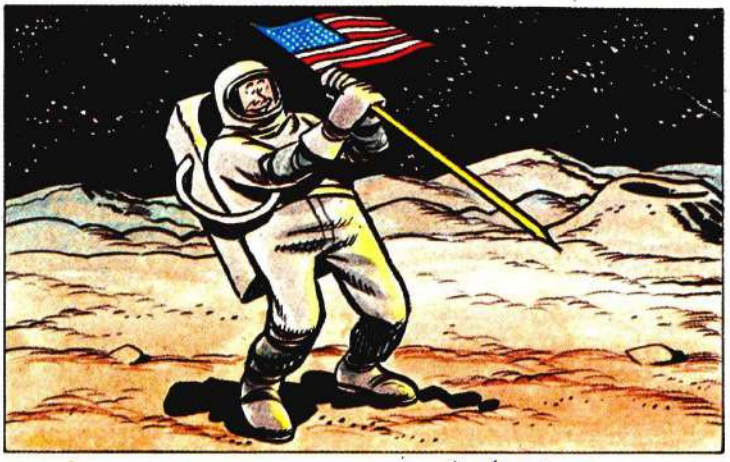
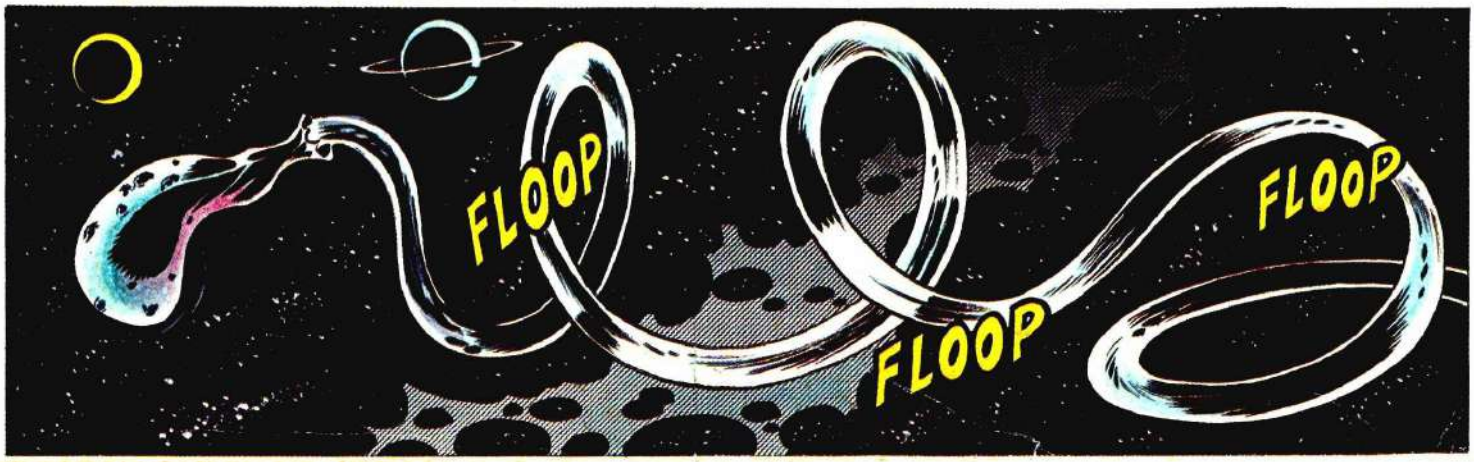

HOME!
ALPHA QUADRANT
AHHHHH! YOU CAN SMELL EARTH GARBAGE!
NEGATIVE SPACIAL RIFT
GO BACK
YOU'RE TUNED TO THE HOWARD STERN SHOW
YOU PICK UP RADIO STATION ON YOUR COMMUNICATOR
PICK EITHER CARD
FREE DOCKING
CHEATING SKUNK!
TRAMP!
HOME-WRECKER!
HUSBAND STEALER!
RIKKI LAKEA
OXYGENLESS PLANET WITH NO LIFE EXCEPT COMBATIVE TALK SHOW GUESTS
VULCAN EAR JOBS DONE HERE
FILE
POINTY! GOOD AS NEW!
CK 1 STAR DREK CARD
TAKE IT TO WARP 16! (+ BREAK THE WARPBARRIER!)
ROLL 2 DIE!
BROOKLYN WORMHOLE
LOOZEMALL PLANET OF SUCKY POGS PLAYERS
SLAM
#@!! SLAMMED AGAIN!
MY KIN!
EXPLODING PLANET (Meta-Poleric cherry Bomb)
GO BACK
WE GO WHERE NO SABS HAVE GONE BEFORE!
CAUGHT DRAG-RACING VOYAJERK WITH ALIEN VESSEL
EAT MY SPACE DUST, LUMP-HEAD!
VROOOM
GO TO BRIG
URN ON ORCE SHIELDS TO KEEP SPACE MOSQUITOS AWAY
ZAP
PICK 1 VOYAJERK CARD
FREE DOCKING
YOU SEE EARTH! BUT IT'S JUST A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF EARTH... GO TO SICKBAY TO HAVE HOLOGRAPHIC EYEBALLS REMOVED
WORLD HO!
NEELIX NEEDS A BATH! GO TO HOLODECK TO CONJURE ONE UP FOR HIM
WHOA!
KRAMERON A PLANET INHABITED BY GOOFY, HIGH-HAIRED ALIENS
KLINGON KROSSING (LOSE A TURN)
CALL ME COZMO!
IENS
E YOU
LY BUTTON LINT
PICK EITHER CARD
WE

LANDING ON MARS